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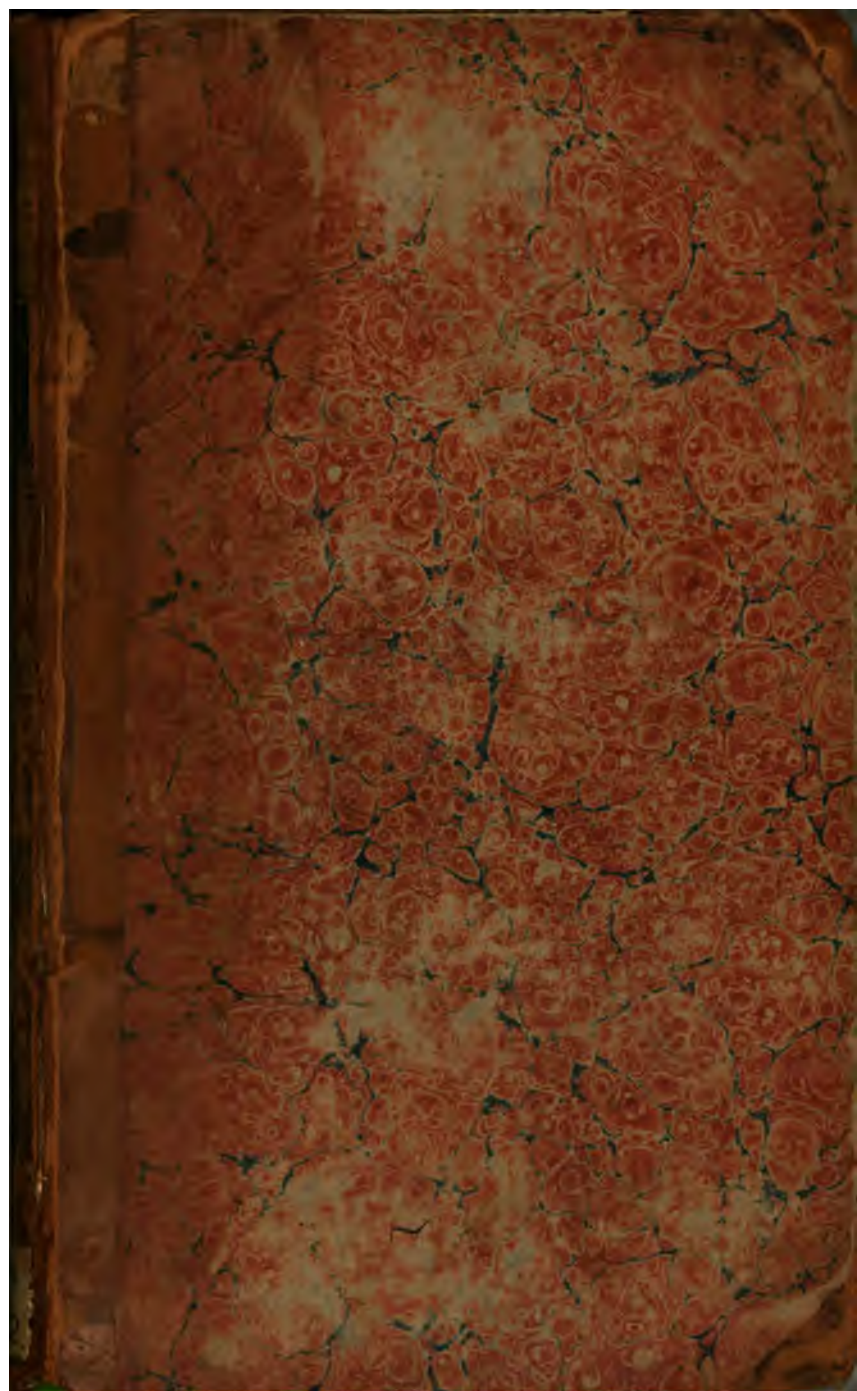
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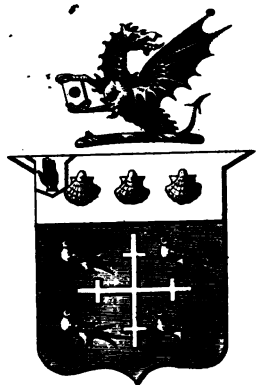
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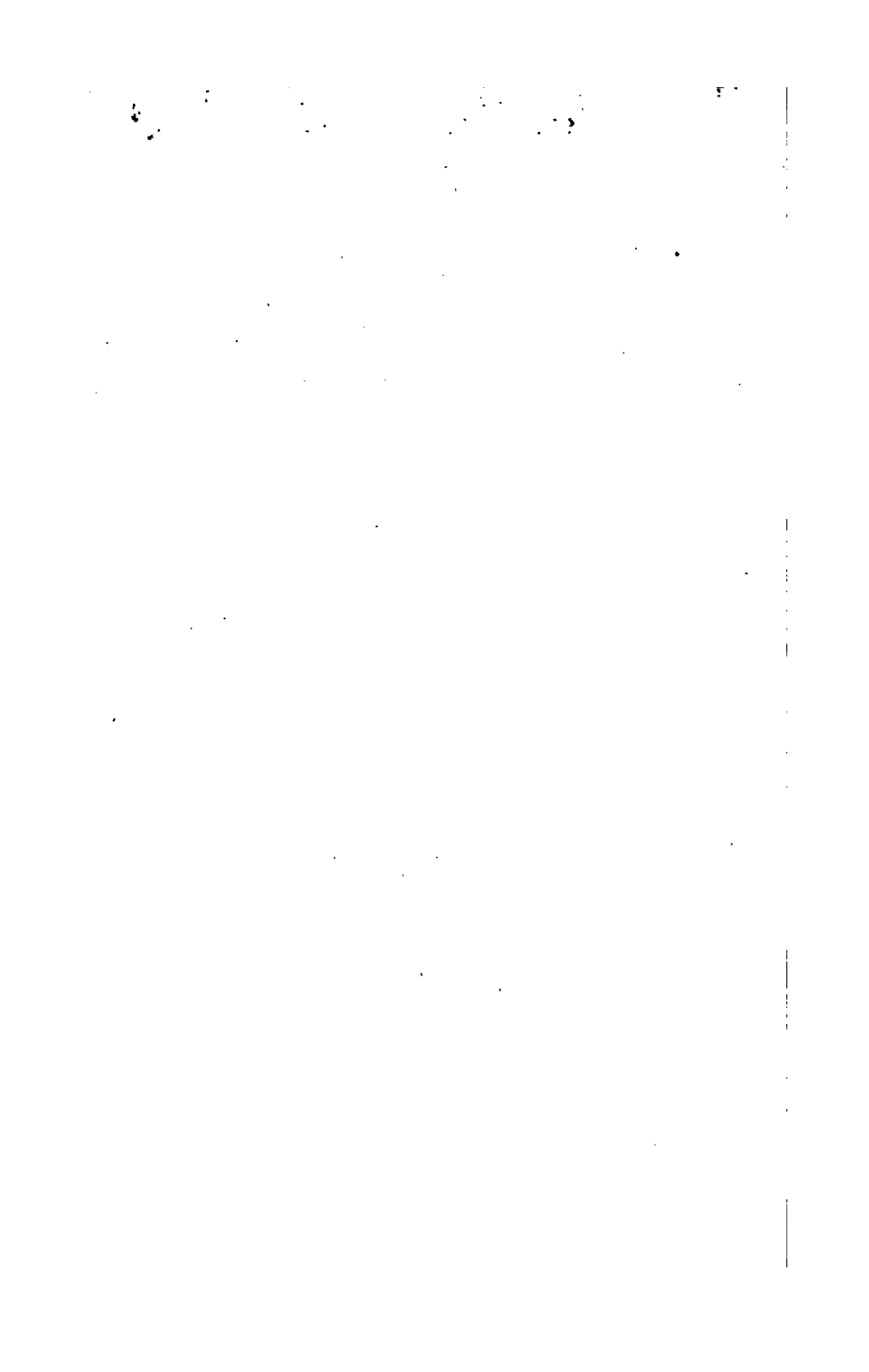


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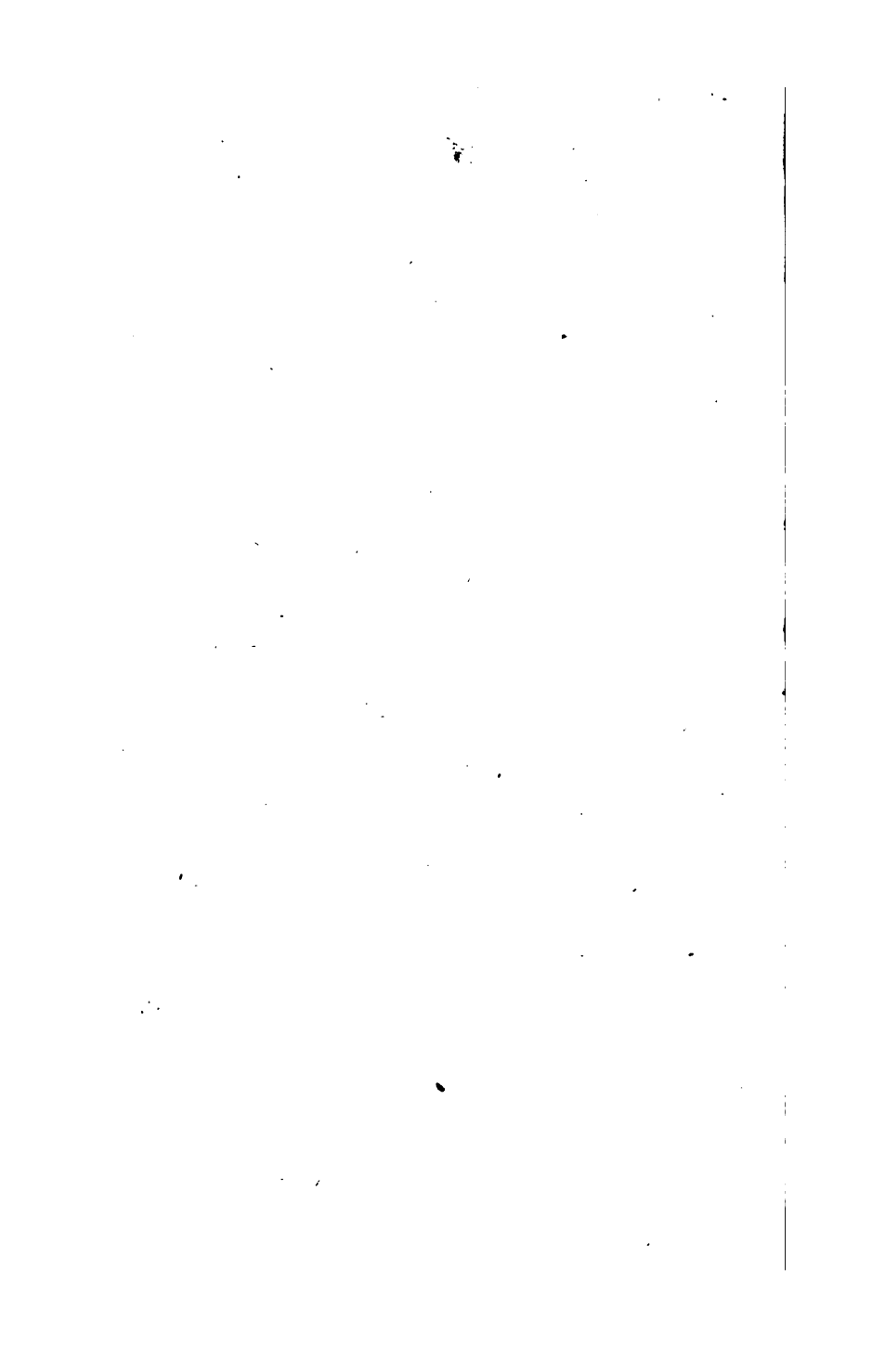
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John B. Mark.



1



THE
MYSTERIOUS
FREEBOOTER;
OR,
THE DAYS OF QUEEN BESS.

A Romance.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY
FRANCIS LATHOM,

AUTHOR OF

NEW AND MANNERS; MYSTERY; ASTONISHMENT; THE
IMPENETRABLE SECRET, &c. &c.

In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales
Of woful ages, long ago betid.

SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
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LEADENHALL-STREET.

1806.



P R E F A C E.

NO apology can be required for writing a Romance, after the many eminent persons, of both sexes, who have, for centuries past, deemed it no degradation to employ their talents in this species of composition.

Story-telling is of ancient and reverend* origin ; and provided the tendency of the story told, be moral, there can be no fair objection raised to its being made the entertainment of hours devoted to relaxation.

* In reference to the Theagenes and Chariclea of Heliodorus.

But

But I have heard it objected, that the characters of Romance are usually of too high a sphere, to be capable of that effect upon society in general, as examples for imitation, which they might prove, were they drawn in the more humble stations of life; and to this I reply, that, as it is from the example of the great, that the bulk of mankind is accustomed to regulate their actions, there is at least no mischief to be apprehended from endeavouring to make the great perfect, if the lesson, conveyed through the medium of a fictitious tale, can be supposed to carry with it any weight of the kind.

Romance, from its earliest periods, has, in the persons of its heroines, taught the female world, that it is virtue which can alone give lustre to their rank and beauty; and, in those of its male characters, it has instructed the stronger sex, that they are to regard themselves as the natural protectors of the weaker, to treat the objects of their passion with the most profound

profound delicacy and respect, and to expect the hand of her whom they love, as the reward of their virtues: and if this conduct be shewn to produce happiness to those who move in a high station, it will naturally produce the same desirable consequence, if pursued by those in an inferior rank of life:

Another objection, which has been raised to Romance, is, that it frequently assumes the right of placing deceased characters in situations through which they never passed, and of giving to historical facts false dates, and erroneous terminations: As this charge is, in some instances, applicable to the subject of the following volumes, I feel it incumbent on me to prepare an answer for those who may bring it against me, and this it is—
“A Romance,” says Dr Johnson, “means a fiction, a tale of wild adventures of love and war;” which explanation must, I think, be sufficient to prevent any one from reading them under the idea of
5 gaining

gaining from them correct historical information ; and prepare them to encounter those anachronisms and mistatements which the author has been guilty of, for the purpose of augmenting or enriching his tale. Those who have perused the history of their own country, with that laudable attention which the subject demands, will not, I am inclined to think, be displeased at meeting some of its features in the guise of Romance ; and those who have never examined into the events which have preceded their entrance upon the stage of life, cannot, at least, complain of *their* ideas upon the subject being confused by such scraps of the history of their mother country, as a Romance furnishes them with.

After the daily instances which we have of this species of composition meeting with the greatest success, I should have deemed it quite superfluous to have written a line of defence for one more added to the number, were I not aware, that
some

some of the reviewers are like hornets, looking out for a hole in a man's jerkin, through which they may drive their stings ; and that, probably, if I had not confessed myself conscious of some deviations from historical truth, in the matter contained in the following pages, they might have placed them to the score of my ignorance, and have taken the pains of writing me a lecture upon the subject : which trouble I now spare them.

The reviewers are, in my opinion, a very ancient community, and deserving of some respect for their antiquity. My ideas of the remote period from which they have had existence, are founded upon this expression of Solomon—"Oh that mine enemy would write a book !" and I am always tempted to understand from this sentence, that there were reviewers in his days, and that some publication of his had fallen under the lash of their censure, and provoked this wish from his lips. I have for some time entertained

tertained this opinion myself, and I think I am bound in charity to publish it, for the comfort of my brother-labourers in the toils of book-making, in order that it may console them for any mortifications they may meet with, at the hands of those gentlemen, since if so, wise a man, and so powerful a sovereign, as the great Solomon, could not, even in those days of good order and decency, escape their censure, how can insignificant individuals expect to be shielded from it, in this age of freedom and irregularity?

To be sure, it is difficult to reconcile ourselves to the kind of rifle-fire, with which these literary gunners shoot at us, from behind trees and hedges, as it were, leaving us uncertain who it is that pops at us; but then, we should consider that their trade must live, as well as ours, and that it appears an essential part of their history, to give weight to their oracles by their obscurity: if they were to put their names to their performances, as
we

we do to ours, the names would very frequently destroy the intended effect of the criticisms.

But this assertion is by no means made of *all*. There are amongst them *many* men of excellent dispositions, unprejudiced opinions, and good-natured hearts, who, to speak from my own knowledge of them, and from what evidence can a man speak better? have treated my repeated trifles which have come before their inquisitorial bar, with lenity and indulgence—by whose advice I have profited, and by whose remarks I have been instructed.

But my readers are doubtless impatient for the conclusion of my Preface, that they may proceed to investigate the merits of my Tale; I shall, therefore, detain them with only one more observation.—

“Is there no certain way,” enquired of me the other day, a young friend of mine, who was just turning author, “to gain a favourable sentence from the critics?” My reply to him was this—

“There

“ There is one habit, from which I never intend to deviate myself, and which, if it be not, *ought* at least to be an author’s infallible pas-port to their approbation—that of making his pen a constant servant in the cause of morality; in which case, if his execution be condemned, his motive must be approved, a decision which cannot fail to impart satisfaction to his mind, upon this reflection, that, if he cannot gain *entire* applause, it is infinitely more desirable to be pronounced the possessor of a good HEART, than of a good *head*.”

For the Poetry interspersed through these Volumes, the Author is indebted to several Friends.

MYSTERIOUS

THE
MYSTERIOUS
FREEBOOTER.

CHAP. I.

By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion.

KING JOHN.

IT was during that hostile period when the continual inroads of the borderers, whose course was marked with death and devastation, called for the utmost vigilance of the government, and rendered the fortifying and garrisoning of the northern castles an object of the greatest

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B

importance,

2. MYSTERIOUS FREEBOOTER.

importance, that Lord William, Baron de Mowbray, received from his sovereign, Queen Elizabeth, the commission of Warden of the Borders, appointed to controul and chastise the Moss-troopers, whose ravages had risen to so alarming a height, as to attract the particular notice of those in power.

Placed in this dangerous but honourable situation, he conceived it his indispensable duty to execute the arduous employment entrusted to him with the greatest promptitude. Accordingly, with all alacrity, he strengthened his residence by every means in his power; he erected a double wall, cut trenches, and surrounded the whole by a deep moat, over which a drawbridge led to a massy iron-cased gate, and huge portcullis; around the roof were erected battlements planted with cannon; and over these a garrison of three hundred men, selected from his vassals, and trained by himself to arms, were appointed to do duty.

The

The office upon which Lord William had now entered, accorded but ill with those dreams of family comfort in which he had hoped to pass the evening of his days:—but light was his repugnance to the bloody business of the field of battle, when compared with the heart of his motherless daughter, the beauteous and gentle Rosalind, which sickened in her breast as she dwelt in imagination on the scenes of blood and rapine to which she must now unavoidably become a witness.

Lord William had scarcely completed his fortifications, ere he was called upon, by the voice of danger, to an exertion of the greatest fortitude.

The clouds of evening were just closing in the parting day, when the sentinel at the drawbridge dispatched one of his comrades to the Baron, with information that a Moss-trooper, sinking under fatigue and famine, was lying at the foot of the bridge, and imploring, in terms of the most vehement entreaty, to be permitted to see Lord

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William, whose life, he said, was in imminent danger.

Every Moss-trooper was of course the decided enemy of a man placed in a situation like that in which Lord William now stood—the prime foe, as it were, of their ravaging bands ; and so strange did the information appear to him, that he hesitated for some moments how to reply to it.

Irwin, his first leader, thus addressed him :
“ The instance of an enemy passing over to the side of his foe, is by no means a singular one ; it may be caused by his having deserted, for a length of time, from his own party, to whom he now fears to return, dreading the chastisement due to his crime : It is also possible that it may be occasioned by a prepossession for ours ; and it is still more probable, that the hope of future reward, and preferment, have been his inducements to this step. Whatever the motive, a single individual is incapable of committing injury within our walls. Let him, so please your Lordship,
be

be searched, to prove whether he conceal about him any instrument of death, which it may be his desperate purpose to level at your person ; and this done, let him be brought before you."

"But should he come merely as a spy upon our strength," suggested the wary Bārcu : "this is a supposition which has escaped you."

"That will be easily discovered," replied the leader who had before spoken, "and if such he appears, we have chains and dungeons, to prevent his carrying back the information that may be required of him."

"Let him be brought into the castle hall," said Lord William, "and I will meet him there."

Irwin called upon some of his men to follow him, and they proceeded to the drawbridge, at the foot of which they found the Moss-trooper of whom they had just received intelligence. His garb was of the common Scotch plaid ; a breast-

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plate of rude workmanship covered his chest, and an iron cap bound his brow; sword he had none; nor was there any weapon of death concealed in the scanty folds of his garment.

Irwin bade him rise and follow him; he complied with Irwin's order, but his strength was so greatly exhausted, that he would have fallen again to the earth, had not two of the soldiers given him their support.

Lord William was in the hall, prepared to receive the stranger. "If you are Lord William de Mowbray," exclaimed the young man, the moment his eye fell on the person of the Baron, "oh save me, in mercy save me! say but that you will not deliver me into the hands of Allanrod, and I am your slave for ever."

"Who are you?" asked Lord William, "and who is this Allanrod, of whom you speak?"

"I am the veriest wretch that breathes upon this earth," returned the man, "and
he,

he, the vilest monster Nature ever issued from her womb."

"By your garb," replied the Baron, "you are a Moss-trooper."

"I have been," answered the man, "but by your good-will, I am henceforth an English soldier."

"And who is Allanrod?" asked Lord William.

"The chief of the band into which I was deluded, and have now abjured," returned the stranger. "My father was—oh that he was so still! an humble peasant in the Tiviotdale; myself and one dear sister, all his household—and happy was our little family—no wish beyond ourselves, till Allanrod, a second fiend, broke in upon the paradise of our tranquillity—lured me with tales of glory, and my sister with his vows of love!—Tempted by a small command which he gave me in his band of ravagers, and still more by the promises of favour that he would heap on me, I left my native vale; scarcely was I gone, ere

he returned, and with brutal violence attacked my sister's honour; my wretched, grey-haired father, who stood forth in her defence, he murdered—struck to the earth—and while he lay a bleeding corpse, my sister, still more wretched, fell a victim to his lust!”

The youth's voice was no longer audible; it was drowned in the contending feelings of his heart; he hid his face in his hands, and continued silent.

Lord William urged him to proceed to the conclusion of his tale, and after some minutes pause, he went on thus:—

“Intelligence was brought me of the horrid deed:—I flew to Tiviot, and arrived there just in time to catch my sister's dying breath; and for her, to hear me pledge an oath to Heaven of vengeance on her's, and my lost father's murderer.—Admit me to your ranks, and for my own revenge I will be a lion in your cause, when opposed to the savage Allanrod.—You know not whom you have to fear in
Allanrod;

Allanrod ; more of the demon than the man, there dwells within him ; wild, ungoverned, cruel, and ferocious are his passions ; dire is his enmity to England and its Sovereign ; but still more against your person, than the nation, or its Queen, does his hatred appear to be directed ; for from the moment that he learnt the commission to which you were appointed, he has been collecting forces to subdue your power. His strength is now all raised ; I have watched him for the completion of my just revenge, and the present hour alone is yours, to save yourself from falling into his power, and mine, to execute my vengeance on him. He is now on his march towards your castle ; his forces now move in divisions ; within three miles of your abode, these divisions are to unite ; and so great are their numbers, that fatal to you must be the event of the day, if you once suffer them to gain this union. The first division Allanrod heads himself. Do you march

out boldly then, and attack it on its way. Entire victory must be yours, for small is the division he leads; and their chief being once cut off, his other forces will lose all spirit to attack your castle.—Say ‘aye,’ good Baron, and the blow that levels Allanrod shall be my own. I am no hypocrite, and I confess that it is not *for England*, but *against Allanrod*, I fight.”

Lord William inquired of the young man, at what distance from his castle he supposed the first division of this Allanrod’s troops might now be?

He replied, that he had for some days past been an unobserved spy of their progress, and that he conjectured them to be now at the distance of about thirty miles: “thus,” continued he, “according to the speed they usually proceed at, they will reach this castle by noon on the day following the morrow.”

Lord William next demanded of him to point out the exact route in which they were advancing; this he readily answered,

ed,

ed, and particularized the spots where he supposed the first division, headed by Allanrod, would halt on that and on the following night.

To the Baron's questions of what had been the rank, title, or name of Allanrod, before he had taken upon him those he now bore? the youth declared himself unable to reply: and Lord William then commanded him into safe custody, telling him that he should deliberate on what use to make of the information he had brought him.

Why the freebooter Allanrod should bear a greater and acknowledged hatred to him, than even to the government to which he was a rebel, was an ænigma which Lord William found himself unable to solve. He dismissed his attendants, and being left alone with his leaders, submitted to their judgment the propriety of following the advice given him by the deserter from Allanrod's camp.

All the leaders, and in particular Irwin,

declared it their opinion, that the tale of his misfortunes had worn the appearance of having proceeded from a heart unacquainted with deceit; they could see also, they said, no motive but his hatred to Allanrod for the step he had taken, since in the very moment he had declared himself on their side, solely because they were the foes of Allanrod, he had not endeavoured to impose himself upon them for a friend to the English cause, which one well schooled in the lessons of hypocrisy would doubtless have made his first point of information, as the one most likely to ingratiate himself into their favour.

The Baron coincided in their opinion; but there were still two nights and a day before them for action, ere (as the deserter had said) the enemy could gain the castle; accordingly he determined to give the present night to cool reflection upon his pillow, and not to form his resolution till it was past. Before he retired to his chamber, he again called the youth into
his

his presence ; again he heard his tale, and was still more convinced that it appeared the tale of nature and of truth ; so forcibly did the countenance and emotions of Donald (for such was the young man's name) present themselves as vouchers for the veracity of his words.

Lord William arose with the dawn, resolved to march and surprise the division of the enemy headed by Allanrod, which the youth Donald had described as the most advanced body, in their quarters that night.

Donald was again questioned on the strength of this advanced body ; and having positively asserted that it consisted of not more than eighty men, Lord William resolved to take with him only one hundred and twenty of his own soldiers, in order to leave his castle in the better security during his absence.

According to the custom in those days, his one hundred and twenty companions, with their leaders or captains, destined
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for this enterprise, and whom he had selected from amongst his best men, were divided into fifty mounted as cavalry with matchlocks, forty foot with pikes and broadswords, and a body of about thirty archers and slingers, who brought up the rear; these were intended to be placed in ambush, and to commence the charge with a shower of arrows on the first onset.

Every thing being prepared for their departure, it was agreed, as the distance they had to journey could not exceed fifteen, or at most eighteen miles, to begin their march under cover of the night, that they might have a greater chance of keeping themselves concealed, and bursting upon the enemy unexpectedly.

During the whole of the day, Lord William had been employed in superintending the preparations for his march; towards the approach of evening he entered the apartment of his daughter, to bid her farewell previously to his departure.

The child of woe, he found the beautiful

Rosalind,

Rosalind, hanging over that lute, of which the tones had no longer power to soothe her aching breast, where eternal sorrow had settled its abode; of the hue of grief were her garments, like the colour of the fortune which had marked her fate; a sable robe flowing to her feet, alone composed her dress, save the single band of pearls which confined its folds round her waist; her light brown hair hung in unrestrained tresses upon her shoulders; her blue and heavenly eyes were dimmed with weeping; a faint tinge of the rose's hue still painted her cheek, just sufficiently to recal to remembrance how beautiful it had once been; and her neck of milky whiteness, even when not contrasted with her sable robe, gained from it the pureness and lustre of unfallen snow.

The Baron took the hand of his daughter, and leading her back to the seat from which she had arisen at his entrance, he placed himself by her side. A silence of some minutes ensued, but the eyes of each
were

were eloquent. "How happy had been my life, had a daughter been obedient to my will!" passed in the eyes of Lord William; and—"How wretched has the exercise of parental authority made his child!" in those of Rosalind.

"You have doubtless heard, my Rosalind," Lord William at last began, "that the temper of the times calls me from my castle; the enterprise upon which I am now setting out, I am taught to believe, is one of little hazard to the safety of my troops or myself; but the fate of the field is uncertain; and however secure of victory in my own opinion, it may be the will of Providence that I shall never return;—will my daughter vouchsafe a parting embrace to a father whom she may never again behold?"

"Heaven avert the evil that you mention," returned Rosalind: "you have been cruel, very, very cruel to your only child; but I cannot forget that you are my father, though you have so severely
used

used the authority of a parent over a child towards me."

"Should I return in triumph, the conqueror of my sovereign's foes, wilt thou quit this garb of woe, cast off these frowns of sorrow, and consent once more to visit with me that court, of which thy youth and beauty would be the grace, and to which my gracious mistress has so oft invited me to bring thee?" asked Lord William.

"Do I ever, my father," returned Rosalind, "reproach you with the miseries that load my aching heart?—do I ever breathe a sigh of malice aimed at your feelings?—never, witness Heaven, have I done this!—be then the reward of my patient sufferings, that my future days be those of obscurity!—force me not into busy life, where my wretchedness would be exposed to the gaze of every unfeeling eye. O, in this one point, 'tis all that I have left to ask, do not constrain my feelings."

Lord

Lord William returned a cool reply to the request of his daughter, and then proceeded to inform her that she need not be under any dread from the incursions of the borderers during his absence, for that he should leave the greater part of his strength in the castle for her protection.

To life and death Rosalind was equally indifferent—thus with apathy she heard his declaration.

The first bugle was now sounded, for the body of men who were that night to march out, to begin accoutring; on its sound, Lord William rose to quit his daughter's chamber; Rosalind rose also, and throwing her arms round the neck of her father, she imprinted on his cheek the first kiss which her lips had for the last four years bestowed on him.

Even into the eyes of Lord William de Mowbray, the tear of parental affection started; he returned her embrace, and would probably have pronounced a blessing

sing on her head, had he dared to have blessed, where his conduct had fixed a curse ;—in unbroken silence he left the apartment.

He repaired to the castle hall, whither Donald was again summoned to meet him. The youth came forth ; his appearance more composed, and his strength renovated by the care which had been bestowed on him.—After a short and friendly conference, the Baron submitted it to his option, whether he would join the party then preparing to march, or whether he would prefer to await the event of that night's rencounter with Allanrod and his men, at the castle.—“ Your late hard-faring,” said Lord William, “ has apparently rendered you unfit for the march ; and were not this the case, consider what you have to dread should you be taken by Allanrod's party, and submitted to the tyranny of his chastisement ;—all this you are risking, only to add to my strength one additional arm, of which I am not
in

in need, or I could increase my numbers to three hundred, with ease to myself."

Donald thanked the Baron for his consideration, but was resolute in becoming the avenger of his own wrongs: "By this hand," he exclaimed, "must perish the murderer of my sister and my father."

Lord William finding him earnest in his entreaties, yielded to his prayer; and an English soldier's garb was given to him, instead of the one which he now threw off; a sword was girt by his side, a pike put into his hand, and he was appointed to march by the side of Irwin.

"You are very young," said Lord William, who was present at his equipment, and during that time more particularly observed his features than he had before done.

"I have not yet seen quite twenty summers," Donald replied.

As his bonnet was exchanging for a cap corresponding with his English dress, Lord William again addressed him—"I have

have somewhere met with a countenance very much like your's, and did I not know it to be almost an impossibility, I should think that I had really seen you before."

"It is not improbable, my Lord," replied Donald, "if you have travelled in Scotland; the scenery round Tiviotdale is much resorted to by strangers, and my poor father and I have often been their guides to its beauties."

"I have been in Tiviotdale," returned the Baron, "but it is some years ago, and I do not recollect the particulars of my visit."

The second bugle was now sounded, and every one dispersed, in order to be ready at the signal for marching, which would very shortly be given. Meanwhile the evening bell tolled, and the usual guard of the castle was mounted on the ramparts. The third bugle then sounded, and the two parties having taken leave of each other, the massy gates were unlocked, the drawbridge was let down, and the cavalcade,

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cavalcade, headed by their chief, sallied forth.

The country lay before them wrapt in the stillness of night ; no warlike instruments gave notice of their march ; all was secrecy and silence.

CHAP. .

CHAP. II.

What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous ; and us fools of nature,
So horribly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls ?

HAMLET.

FOR a length of time past, the fair Rosalind had allowed herself no air or exercise, but what she took in an evening on the eastern rampart of the castle, which led by an easy communication to the apartments appropriated to her use ; from this spot she beheld the departure of her father, and his chosen men ; she continued

nued to watch the red glare of their glowing torches, which, reflected on the steel armour, threw its broad masses of light over the whole body of men, till a narrow path, winding between two mountains, concealed them from her view; and all traces of them, save a faint lustre, which rose from their torches into the air, were lost in the gloom of night.—Then reclining her head on her hand, she leant over the battlements listening to their footsteps, which, owing to the stillness of the night, were heard when they themselves were no longer visible. At length they died away also, and a solemn stillness prevailed, broken only at intervals by the sentinels relieving each other from their posts, and the iron tongue of the castle clock, which sounded awfully, by the contrast of the stillness in which it was heard.

Night was stealing upon evening, but still Rosalind continued to wander in the air. The moon was now rising in cloudless majesty, attended by a sparkling train

of glittering stars, and throwing her silvery honours on the regal brow of Skiddaw, monarch of the mountains; while an unruffled lake at its foot, a rival of its glory, appeared like an immense sheet of silver studded with burnished gems.

Entranced by the scene she was beholding, Rosalind stood wrapt in reflection. "Why," she cried, "is man the only piece of mechanism which this globe contains, of whose nature discord forms a part?—all above is harmony and peace; 'tis but on earth, where man has a sway, that discord has existence:—The silver moon sails calmly through the fleecy clouds, which separate obediently to clear her azure path;—the stars, irregularly scattered through the firmament, know no hostile jarrings to disturb their movements, or obscure their lustre.—'Tis now the hour when nature asks repose; hushed are the songsters of the grove, and every animal seeks repose but man—Insatiate man, alone awakes—man, that should be the

brother and the friend of man, awakes to plan the destruction of his fellow beings; subject as he is to innumerable infirmities of mind and body, short as is his own natural existence, he awakes to curtail a few moments of his allotted portion of life from his fellow creatures!—Happy those who die, if this it be to live!—O ye bright orbs, that now reflect your beams on me, say, do ye contain the dead within your blessed abodes?—are ye the resting-places whence the departed good look down on suffering mortals; and waft to them those sighs of pity, which communicate fortitude to their bosoms under the trials of existence?—If such ye are, a sainted mother, and a murdered husband, have their dwelling with you.—O spirits of bliss, if it be permitted you to administer consolation to the living, twine your wreaths of peace around my aching head; shed the balm of comfort upon my bursting heart; endue me with resignation to the will of Omnipotence, till the hand

of Death shall release me from anguish, and call me to the blessed reward of meeting you again."

Rosalind continued standing with her eyes fixed on the planets to which her address had been directed, her every thought lost in scenes far distant from the spot on which she stood, till a faint sound, which resembled her own name, made her start from the trance into which she had fallen, and look hastily around her. She was at that time standing on a projecting part of the rampart, which had an opposite side, that encircled an angle of the castle; and upon this she either saw, or fancied she saw, a dusky figure moving upwards, as if in the act of rising from the glacis below. A momentary fear seized her, but she had not been accustomed to suffer childish apprehensions to subdue her reason, and she exclaimed, "Who is that?—what seek you here?"

"It is only I, my lady, only Gertrude,

coming to look for you," returned a voice behind her, which she instantly recognized to be that of her faithful attendant—"It is only I, my lady; whom did you think it was?"

"I was rather startled by a shadow, I believe," replied Rosalind, and casting her eye towards the spot where the appearance of a figure had before struck her imagination, nothing but the unbroken line of the massive wall now met her sight.

"If you were startled at only seeing a shadow, my lady, what must they be that see a real substantial ghost?" cried Gertrude. "I would not have been in poor Philip's place to-night for all the wealth in the castle.—Pray come in, my lady; don't keep abroad; you don't know how dangerous it is to stay here;—come in, and I'll tell you all about it; I came on purpose to warn you."

"To warn me! of what, Gertrude?"
asked

asked Rosalind; "and who is this Philip, of whom you speak in terms of so great pity?"

"Why to be sure, my lady, though you do go very little amongst the inhabitants of the castle, you must have heard me speak of Philip Watkins; he was born in the same village where I was; it is he that you have heard me say got such a terrible thorn in his foot when he was getting me a blackbird's nest;—if you don't remember the story, I'll tell it you again any other time; only it has nothing to do with the ghost Philip saw to-night."

"Ghost!" echoed Rosalind, casting her eye involuntarily to the spot where she conceived that she had seen the appearance of a figure.

"Aye, my lady, a dreadful black ghost: did you never in your life happen to see a ghost yourself?"

"No," replied Rosalind, "nor any one else, I believe, who had the courage to

convince their senses of the delusion which they mistook for one."

"Oh, my lady," cried Gertrude, "don't say so; pray don't be so wicked; they don't belong to this world, and should be respected.—Old Ambrose the porter has seen it before; and Simon Williams saw it from the watch-tower last night; only I never heard of it till Philip was brought in to the hall to-night in a fit at the sight of it.—Pray don't stay here, my lady, pray don't; I dare not keep with you, indeed, if you do, for it was on this side of the castle that they both saw it walking;" and away she ran towards the door in the turret which led to Rosalind's apartment, still calling upon her to follow.

Rosalind complied, for the night was far advanced, although its serenity would perhaps have tempted her to have walked longer, had she not been interrupted in the manner she had been. The moment Rosalind was within the turret, Gertrude, who

who stood waiting her approach with a lamp in her hand, shut the door, and having fastened every bolt upon it, she exclaimed, "thank Heaven we are safe in the castle, and pray its goodness we may be safe, now we are in it."

With the utmost good humour, Rosalind chid her for her weak apprehensions, and endeavoured by every argument to reason her out of her alarm; but the occurrences of the evening were at present too strongly imprinted on the mind of Gertrude, for it to be divested of them by the power of words only; and she proceeded to relate her tale.

"You must know, my lady," she said, "that it is now three evenings ago, as old Ambrose was returning from the village, where he had been on a visit to his sister, the poor old woman, my lady, at the foot of the hill, that you may remember broke her leg the day she was eighty, and that every body thought must

have died of it, and now she is quite finely again; is not it a wonderful recovery?"

"Yes, it is," answered Rosalind; "but proceed in your story without interruption."

"I am only explaining a little as I go on, my lady," resumed Gertrude. "Well, old Ambrose came hobbling along, he can't walk very fast, since he has had the rheumatism—looking down on the ground and picking his way for fear he should stumble; when just as he was turning the eastern angle of the castle moat, he happened to lift up his eyes, and there he saw, O mercy on us! a tall ghost, all in black from head to foot; and the moment he saw it, it vanished away from him in a noise like the hissing of serpents!"

"Probably," said Rosalind, "the old man's alarm was occasioned by the shadow of a tree; and the motion of its leaves, agitated by the wind, created the rustling noise he heard."

"No,

"No, no, no, no, my lady," exclaimed Gertrude, "he might have been deceived once, but last night he saw the very same appearance again, on the very spot where he had seen it before, and it vanished away from him again, just in the same manner; this was about eight o'clock in the evening:—and now it is come out that Simon Williams saw the very same spectre at midnight, stalking backwards and forwards before the eastern rampart, where you were walking this very night.—Heaven be praised I came, and called you away before the dreadful hour strikes."

Rosalind was silent—no faith in spirits was growing in her mind; but the information conveyed by Gertrude of the appearance of a figure in black near the rampart, seemed so strongly to vouch for her senses not having deceived her in regard to the dusky form which she had believed herself to have seen that night, that she

could not immediately collect her thoughts to reply to Gertrude's account.

Gertrude mistook her silence for alarm, and exclaimed, "I wish I had kept it all a secret from you, my lady, since I see how much it has frightened you; for I know it will be impossible to withhold the rest of the story from you, now you have heard part of it; and what I have already told you is nothing to what is to come about poor Philip."

"I own I am rather surprised by what you tell me," replied Rosalind; "frightened I assure you I am not.—Amidst all the calamities which you know I have suffered, you have always seen that I had still consolation left me within my own breast; it arises from the consciousness that I have never committed a voluntary fault; this knowledge is my talisman against all fear. If there be spirits, either good or evil, permitted to revisit the earth, I still rely that the virtuous power is the superior;

superior: and that the innocent will not be allowed to suffer from their appearance."

"What a comfort it is to hear religious words, when one is terrified almost out of one's senses!" exclaimed Gertrude. "Heaven bless you, you talk as well as poor Father Anthony did, rest his soul!—Well then you won't be frightened to hear with what art this black ghost managed to-night to get into the castle-court, will you, my dear lady?"

"If it had really been a spirit," replied Rosalind, "according to the nature of such aerial beings, it need not have used the art you describe it to have practised, for introducing itself wherever it wished to be;—but proceed."

"Why you see, my lady," said Gertrude, "this evening, when Lord William and his troops left the castle, many of our men who were not destined to go upon this expedition, went over the drawbridge with their comrades, intending to march

a little way with them; but your father would not allow it, so they were forced to return back to the castle;—all directly re-passed the bridge but old Ambrose and Philip; they stood chattering, Heaven forgive them for it! on the other side; when all on a sudden, they don't know whence it came, nor whether it walked, nor whether it flew—but all on a sudden, as I said before, there stood before them this tall black spirit, all in armour;—it had one foot upon the drawbridge, when they first saw it;—poor old Ambrose fell upon his knees, and began to pray;—Philip rushed up to it; for he was terrified enough, as you may well think, at the idea of what might become of him, if he suffered a ghost to go over the bridge while he was the sentinel on it; and was just presenting his pike at it to prevent its proceeding, when it lifted up its beaver, and they saw its face;—and oh, my dear lady, what do you think it was?—the face of a corpse, pale and emaciated,
with

with a streak of blood down the left cheek.—Philip dropped down in a fit, old Ambrose was stupified with fright and astonishment, and the ghost walked over the bridge !”

Gertrude now paused for Rosalind’s reply, who said, “Is that all you have to tell me?”

“All, my dear lady !” exclaimed Gertrude, “and is not that enough?—the ghost, you see, has got within our walls, and who knows what may be the end of his visit.—Poor Philip was brought into the hall in fits, and is scarcely recovered from them still, nor can I believe he ever will perfectly, for had I seen such a dreadful—Oh Jesus, what’s that?” cried she, interrupting herself in her story.

“Only the clock striking midnight,” replied Rosalind. You see, by your present apprehensions, how sounds we are the most accustomed to, have the power of startling us, when our minds are weakened by tales of folly or superstition.—Thus
simply,

simply, I make no doubt, might the ghost of this night be accounted for, if reason had been suffered to exert her influence upon the minds of those who thought they saw a phantom."

Gertrude remained incredulous, and would probably have talked the whole night of what she knew nothing, but from hearsay, that deceitful intelligencer, had not her mistress, by undressing herself, and getting into bed, given her a signal of silence for the night; and Gertrude was obliged, though with great reluctance, to retire to the adjoining apartment, where her bed stood, and where she was compelled either to hold her tongue, or talk to herself;—the latter she preferred, probably for the same reason that boys whistle in a dark night upon the road, that they may hear no noise but their own; and thus Gertrude fairly talked herself to sleep.

Rosalind, although free from every apprehension that agitated the mind of her
loquacious

loquacious attendant, did not so soon lose reflection in sleep ; for although she had no faith in the supernatural existence of the black figure that had appeared to Ambrose, and his companions, still she could not forbear making it a subject of thought, and attaching to it some degree of credit, from the similarity of their account of the phantom, to the sable form which had that night appeared to her on the eastern rampart. --

CHAP. III.

All comfort, joy, in this most precious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

KING HENRY VIII.

AND now, whilst Lord William and his party are on their march, and his daughter Rosalind locked in the arms of sleep, we will step back a few years, for some particulars which are necessary to be learnt, before we proceed in our story.

The first of the De Mowbray family on whom the honour of knighthood was bestowed, was John; he received it in the field, at the hand of Edward the Third,
under

under which prince he signalized himself by his bravery at the famed battle of Cressy, in which battle the Earl of Flanders fell by his hand; and on his return to England, he was farther rewarded, by being created a Baron, and receiving from the Crown the gift of an extensive domain in Cumberland.

From this time the family of De Mowbray was constantly about the court; its character was that of wariness, rather than depth of understanding; and it was a quality which it so used, as to protect itself from all the storms of court intrigue, and to hold itself in favour with each succeeding monarch.

At the period of the death of Edward the Sixth, the situation of the De Mowbrays, for the first time, seemed in a state of doubt: fate appeared undecided whether to place the crown on the head of the ambitious Mary, or that of the placid Jane Grey; and during this indecision trembled the house of De Mowbray, who being
universally

universally known and acknowledged, as adherents, and firm ones too, to the Protestant religion, dreaded the accession of Mary to the throne; but the wariness of Lord William's father, Thomas, exerted itself with success to re-establish their safety.

Convinced that a hasty change from the Protestant to the Catholic religion would not impose on the keen-sightedness of a princess like Mary; that though she might appear to tolerate them for such a change, still the natural fire of her temper might only be smothered, till an opportunity should present itself for her to revenge on them the religious persuasion which she would believe them in their hearts still to follow; he wisely conceived that some effort must be made, some step taken, by which he should purchase her favour, without any obligation to ideas of religion.

Accordingly, perceiving that Jane was too coldly received as Queen, to be likely
long

long to hold her seat upon the throne, he kept himself retired from all public observation of his opinions, till he should see her established upon it, or Mary in her stead fixed upon the seat of power; and no sooner had the unambitious Jane resigned all pretensions to the sceptre of royalty, than Lord Thomas de Mowbray, with every display of zeal in the cause of the new monarch, joined the party who arrested the Duke of Northumberland, and several of his adherents at Cambridge; and having assisted in conducting these objects of Mary's implacable hatred to the Tower, and taken steps that it should be understood by her, that he had been thus active in her cause, he contented himself with retiring for the remainder of her reign into his native county, where he had the good fortune never to be disturbed by the bigotry of the Queen, as he believed, and as probably was the case, in return for the shew of service he had made

made to her on her accession to the throne of England.

In the same year that was marked by the death of Queen Mary, died also Lord Thomas de Mowbray, and his successor was his son William, to whom our readers are already introduced, and who was then in his twenty-third year.—Lord William's person was rather commanding than handsome; his complexion dark, and his eye keen, though it conveyed neither the intelligence of a depth of understanding, nor a conciliating disposition; his mind was formed in the true mould of his predecessors, the nursery of wariness and craft; and with the re-establishment of the Protestant religion, stepped forth De Mowbray, vaunting himself not a little on being the head of a family which had not swerved from its religious tenets, during the whole period of the last reign of persecution.

Elizabeth, although possessed of a solid
and

and refined judgment, had a foible, which opened a way to her heart for Lord William de Mowbray : with her it was a sin, in those whom she permitted about her person, and these with her were intimates, for confidants she had none, to arrogate to themselves the slightest degree of that authority which she considered, and was resolved to maintain, her's alone and indivisibly ; and Lord William possessed both the art of flattery, and the meanness of licking the dust she trod on, with an ingenious policy, that concealed his views, and displayed only his humble sentiments of adoration and loyalty.

Thus placed amongst the favourites of his Queen, Lord William dreamt not of love, his thoughts being solely placed upon the aggrandizement of his power and wealth, till Elizabeth recommended to him to wife, Ann Cecil, a woman of exquisite beauty and accomplishments, the orphan niece of her favourite minister, Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh. To this proposition

proposition no man could return a negative whose heart was disengaged; here was the double inducement of person and fortune for it to fix upon: and the Queen herself became the negociator of the marriage; it was solemnized at her court with the utmost splendor; and after the ceremony, she hung upon the bride's neck a chain of diamonds, adding, that she pledged herself to become the sponsor for their first child, if a female.

Lord William now hugged himself indeed, in the reflection of the use he had made of that policy so truly the talent of his family; and Elizabeth, if ever she perceived the colours of self-interest shining through the veil of loyalty which he hung over them, had too good a knowledge of administerial œconomy, to confess a discovery, which, for the credit she owed to herself as Queen, if confessed, must rob her of so valuable an assistant at the helm of state.

Lady Ann de Mowbray was all gentleness

ness and virtue; more attached to the solitude of her castle, its gardens, and adjoining woods, than to the gaieties and festivity of the court.

Lord William's time was divided between his sovereign and his wife; and Elizabeth was satisfied that he had her's and his country's interest too much at heart, ever to be absent, when either called upon him for his services.

About a year after her marriage, Lady de Mowbray became pregnant, and at the accustomed time, she gave birth to a daughter. Again fortune smiled upon Lord William, and he flew to bear the information in person to the Queen.

Elizabeth reminded him, in the most flattering terms, of her promise, in regard to the child; and bidding him not delay the christening longer than was necessary to the health of the mother, as she was eager to visit Cumberland, which was a new country to her, sent him back with-

out



out delay to attend the recovery of his wife.

The Baron returned home, where he was busied not less in assuring himself that every care was taken of the babe on whose head honours, undreamt of by its infant brain, were going to be poured, than in those preparations which he conceived it necessary to have made against the royal visit.

In the chapel of the castle was erected a canopy of purple velvet, fringed with gold, under which the Queen alone was to have her place during the ceremony of the baptism; and into the most superb chamber of the castle was introduced a bed of crimson velvet, richly embroidered with the royal arms in gold and jewels; the hangings of the chamber were of tapestry, purposely worked for the occasion, and in the centre compartment, opposite to the foot of the bed, was this device—

*“ Rejoice, ye walls which have entertained
her*

her people's blessing, and her people's pride—ELIZABETH!"—The rest of the apartment was divided into four sections—In the first was depicted, Commerce; in the second, Agriculture; in the third, Peace; and in the fourth, Plenty—the whole superscribed—"England in 1565."

The infant daughter of De Mowbray having attained the age of six weeks, and her mother being sufficiently recovered in strength to attend at the ceremony of her baptism, Lord William set out for London, whence he intended himself to become a part of his royal mistress's escort into Cumberland. He found the Queen prepared to attend his invitation, and a few days after his arrival, she set out.

Queen Elizabeth was in person extremely pleasing, if not critically beautiful; and there was besides, a certain majesty in her manner, which made her look the Queen she was; added to this, was an engaging affability in her conduct, that

endeared her to her subjects, and won her the esteem of her people : no wonder then, that thus extolled through her kingdom, the homage, the reverence, and the marks of affection, which she received in every town and village through which her journey lay, kept her in excellent good humour and spirits, and brought her to De Mowbray Castle, prepared to be pleased with her reception, had it not been equally splendid and flattering as she found it.

Her congratulations to Lady de Mowbray, were of the most affectionate and complacent nature ; her inquiries after her infant god-daughter, the most flattering to Lord William ; and her affable conduct throughout the household, such as gained her its universal adoration.

The day for the baptism being arrived, Lord William, in the most adulating terms, ventured to inquire of her Majesty, whether the infant, in whose early fate she was
condescending

condescending to take so strong an interest, might be honoured by receiving the name of her sovereign? Elizabeth replied to the question as if she had foreseen that it would be submitted to her decision; and her reply won the heart of Lady de Mowbray, as strongly as she was already possessed of Lord William's. "No," she said, "your daughter's name must not be Elizabeth; I do not withhold it from you from any motive of pride, but out of consideration to your wife:—Lady de Mowbray never knew but one parent—that one was her mother; of her she was extremely fond, and being deprived of her, I know she will derive much satisfaction from giving the name of her parent to her daughter; therefore let her be named Rosalind."

Lord William bowed, and affected gratitude for her command; Lady de Mowbray felt it with all the warmth of an affectionate daughter, who really venerates

a lost parent, and wishes to perpetuate her memory.

Lord William had certainly been better pleased, if the Queen had waved the compliment which she had paid to his wife's feelings. The name of Elizabeth he would infinitely have preferred; it would have appeared, though indeed it were only appearance, to have allied his child to her whose name she would then have borne: the Queen, however, was still her god-mother; and to this reflection he reconciled his mind.

The name of Rosalind was accordingly given to the child—Elizabeth imprinted the first kiss on her Christian god-daughter, and put into the hands of her father a purse of five thousand marks of gold, as the dower of her nominal child.

The day was passed in the utmost festivity at the castle; no brow could wear the frown of care or displeasure, where a benign sovereign set the example of smiles; and

and real happiness gave lustre to the wine which sparkled in the golden goblets, and infused soul into the revelry that resounded in the hall of De Mowbray Castle, on the day of fair Rosalind's christening.

CHAP. IV.

But hark!—that crash!—with tenfold rage

The warring elements engage :

Loud and more loud the impetuous thunders roll,

And “earth unbalanc’d,” shakes from pole to pole.

HERBERT.

FROM this day nothing of moment occurred to the family of De Mowbray, till the little Rosalind had attained her sixth year ; it was at this period that Queen Elizabeth concluded her advantageous treaty of commerce with John Basilowitz, Great Duke of Muscovy, and Lord William’s presence was demanded at court during the negotiation.

Lady

Lady de Mowbray had not quitted the county in which her castle stood, since the birth of her daughter, and the Baron had been nearly six months absent from them, when a day of hard travelling brought him, at the close of a sultry evening in the month of September, to a wood within three miles of the borders of his own estate. He was on horseback, attended only by two servants; the blackness of the clouds foretold a thunder storm, and he spurred on his steed, in the hope of reaching his castle, before the tempest should rise to the violence which the appearance of the sky threatened—large heat drops were already falling, though it could scarcely be said to rain; and short gusts of wind, rustling between the trees, announced the elemental war at hand.

He urged his horse into a swifter pace, but the tempest was more rapid in its movements; the vivid lightning began to stream in forked spires along the burning

sky, and the thunder to roar amongst the surrounding mountains. Still partial drops of rain only were falling, and Lord William still spurred on his horse;—but suddenly, with a tremendous crash, a thunderbolt burst nearly over his head, and a ball of fire, which dropped from it, fell upon a knot of trees, at the distance of but a few yards from him; an instant conflagration ensued, and the wind, which was rapidly increasing in strength, bore along the flakes of fire in every direction. Lord William was himself startled at the sight, but his steed was terrified beyond the Baron's power to govern him.—Darting into the thickest of the forest, the animal flew with the swiftness of an antelope, carrying his alarmed rider through almost impenetrable passes, and wounding his head against the hanging branches of those trees between the boles of which he flew with him. Still Lord William continued to keep a firm seat, till a violent

lent flash of lightning again caused the horse to start out of his path, and with this motion his rider fell from him.

Lord William lay for some time almost insensible; his head was much bruised, and the pain he felt in it was violent. On his endeavouring to move, a still worse discovery took place; he found that he had broken his leg. His attendants had been separated from him; they must be uncertain where to seek him; his voice could not be heard at the distance of a stone's-throw from him, in the raging contention of the elements; and his case appeared, for the present at least, hopeless.

Night had almost assumed her sablest hue, and none of Heaven's luminaries shone forth to alleviate his distress, save the lightning, which continued to dart through the atmosphere with unabated fury; and by its flashes he discovered that he was lying very near to the brink of a piece of water, which by its situation he knew to be a small lake to the southward

of his castle; and he felt an immediate sensation of gratitude arise in his mind, at having been providentially saved from being plunged into it.

His pains increased, but still the roar of nature's discord gave him no opportunity to call for assistance; and he was also unacquainted whether his cries were likely to bring him help; for as this lake was situated at a distance from the high road, it was a long time since he had visited it, and he was quite ignorant whether there were any cottages in its neighbourhood.—One only assurance gave him comfort; this was, that his attendants would beyond all doubt call numbers to their aid, and not relax in their search till they had found him.

Thus passed full an hour, and patience, urged by pain, began to lose its virtue. He called aloud for help, and the thunder, which was now receding in hollow murmurs to the distant mountains, left spaces of silence for his cries. The lightning
also

also was now but a faint shadow of its former fierceness, and the stars were beginning to start from the cleared sky, whose fullness had before impeded their appearance; by the faint light which they gave, he discovered something like a habitation at some distance from him, and imagined that he could perceive the faint gleam of a lamp within it; the apparent dimness of which seemed to be accounted for, by its being placed at a great distance from the casement.

Again and again he called; the light glided nearer to the window, and then vanished. He called again, with all the strength he could exert. The door of the cottage was opened, and a figure appeared at it with a lamp in its hand. The figure paused, as if uncertain whether it had been deceived, or had really heard a voice. Lord William repeated his entreaties for assistance, and the figure, which he quickly saw to be that of a man, advanced towards him.

In few words, the Baron explained to him his name, and the accident that had befallen him, entreating his care and humanity, till he could be conveyed to his own mansion.

The stranger was a man of about fifty-five years of age, of an open and interesting countenance; his dress was that of a shepherd, but his manners were those of higher birth; he looked with the utmost compassion on Lord William, and still forbore to reply to his request, or to give him help.

"Will you not serve me?—have you no pity for my sufferings?" asked the Baron.

"Shall I go instantly to your castle, and bring some of your vassals hither?" asked the stranger.

"The distance is four miles," replied Lord William, "and should you leave me here, to go upon that errand, wounded as I am, I may perish in the damps of the night."

"I hope

"I hope not," returned the stranger.
"Heaven avert it!"

"Cannot you take me into your cottage?" asked the Baron; "you look compassionate, but you act——"

"I am not strong enough," interrupted the man, "to bear you to my cottage alone; and you cannot lend yourself the least assistance, with your limb thus disabled."

"Is there no one but yourself in the cottage?" inquired Lord William.

"I'll bring you something to comfort you," said the stranger hastily, after a short pause, which appeared to convey a doubt how to answer, and was moving away.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake do not leave me thus," exclaimed De Mowbray. "I will reward you liberally, if you will procure assistance to carry me from the wet ground to shelter."

"I never was paid in my life for an act
of

of humanity," returned the man; "but I can do no more than I can."

"Can no assistance be procured?—Is yours the only cottage?" asked Lord William.

"The only one within two miles," was the answer.

"And you are quite alone in it?"

"If I were to bring a boy of eight years old to help me, I don't believe we together could lift you."

"If you have only such a boy in your cottage, pray make the attempt," returned Lord William; "you know not what I am suffering."

"Nor do you know how much I suffer," returned the man; "it is very contrary to my nature, to hesitate about serving my fellow creatures."—He paused again, then added, "however unwillingly, I must leave you here a few minutes; but, by my soul, I will return to you as speedily as I can;" and so saying, he moved hastily towards the cottage.

Lord

Lord William followed him with his eyes; he saw him enter the cottage, and having for a moment lost sight of the lamp, it again appeared in an upper apartment; here it remained visible for at least ten minutes, and then again it vanished, and was quickly seen below advancing towards the door; the stranger came out first, the lamp still in his hand, and close upon his heels trod another man, wrapped in a long cloak; the latter continued standing in the door-way, and the man who had before been with Lord William, came again to him.

"Lord William," he said, "if I consent to introduce you at this moment into my cottage, will you swear to me, that whatever you may see within it, or whomsoever you may see in it, you will never disclose having seen to the world?—these are the only terms upon which you can enter it."

The demand was strange; but the torture

ture of the Baron's head and leg was such, as urged him to any promise for the barter of friendly assistance; and he swore to comply with the stranger's request.

"I have one more condition," said the man—"that you will suffer me to tie this bandage before your eyes, which shall be taken off the moment you are placed on a bed in my cottage: if you consent to this, a word from me will bring the person whom you see yonder to my assistance in carrying you to the cottage, and you shall be treated there with every tenderness due to your sufferings; but if you attempt to remove it, that moment, heedless of your wounded state, we drop you upon the ground; and farther calls upon our assistance are in vain,"

De Mowbray would probably have complied again, had not distant lights, and voices calling loudly on his name, turned his attention from the terms to which he had been on the point of agreeing; and he

he replied to them with all his strength, while the stranger by his side, exclaimed in accents that seemed to proceed from the bottom of his heart, "Are these your Lordship's attendants?—Heaven be praised that they are at hand!"

Immediately on the sound of voices, the man who stood in the door-way of the cottage disappeared, and the door was closed. In a few moments Lord William's attendants were by his side; and the stranger explained to them the mangled state in which their master lay.

The two men who had been separated from De Mowbray in the tempest, having in vain sought him in the wood, till night-fall had put a period to their search, dreading that some fatal accident had befallen him, had proceeded to the village, which was little more than a mile from the spot where the ball of fire had fallen; and having here collected together a number of the peasantry, to whom they related their fears

fears for their lord's safety, had returned into the wood with firebrands, with which they had separated into different paths in search of him.

A litter was immediately composed of the boughs of trees, and upon this Lord William being extended, with a bed of moss to rest his broken limb on, his vassals proceeded with him towards his castle.

Melancholy was the meeting for Lady de Mowbray; but she allowed not the idle indulgence of her own sorrow to unfit her for the attention she owed to a suffering husband. The surgeon of the household was instantly by the side of Lord William's bed, and the fracture having been set and bound up, and the bruises on his head dressed, Lady de Mowbray became his nurse, refusing to quit his chamber during the whole of the night.

Thus did she pass the second, third, and
fourth

fourth nights ; but with the fifth, the privation of rest to herself became wholly unnecessary, as Lord William's recovery promised to be as speedy as the nature of his wounds would permit, the surgeon declaring him entirely free from danger.

CHAP. V.

No wealth had he, no garland of renown ;
Slow pass'd the minutes thro' the live-long day,
Till from the upland mead, or thistled down,
He watch'd the sun's last lustre fade away :
And if perchance his little heart was gay,
It beat to hear some merry minstrel's note,
Or goat-herd caroling his roundelay
On craggy cliffs.

MRS. ROBINSON.

IN the course of three months, Lord William de Mowbray had recovered the use of his limb, although he could not yet exercise it with the firmness he had once been accustomed to do.

Often during his confinement; had he
reflected

reflected on the strange occurrences which had attended the evening of his receiving the fracture, which now confined him to his castle. The apparent feeling of the stranger for his situation, with his reluctance to introduce him into his cottage, furnished a frequent subject for his thoughts. Lord William had bound himself by an oath, never to have disclosed any particulars which he might have seen in the cottage, had he been conveyed into it; and by the same sacred promise, he regarded himself to be bound not to send any one to the cottage, upon the business of scrutiny. For although Lord William did not always pay strict observance to the commands of honour, where the overstepping of their bounds promised advancement to his own views, or desires, still it was not his nature to trespass wantonly upon the comforts or secrets of an humble cottager. What appeared the strangest part of the mystery, was, that the man at first should have given him to understand

understand that he had only a boy of eight years old within the cottage, and that immediately after, a figure of full stature should have appeared at the door, for whose sake, it seemed probable, that the terms of secrecy to which he had been enjoined were made ; as the man who had come to his relief had used no endeavour to conceal his own countenance, but had mentioned the bandage to be placed before the Baron's eyes, as the condition of the other's coming to his assistance.

One of the men who had been Lord William's attendants on the night of the tempest, was that Ambrose who was now grown into years, and the present porter of the castle ; he was a native of the neighbouring village, had lived in the service of the late Lord Thomas, and had often been honoured by being made the companion of Lord William's sports when a boy ; hence the distance between master and servant had not been so rigidly preserved between the Baron and him, as
with

with his other attendants ; and contriving one day to have him alone with him in his apartment, he began his inquiries thus—

“That cottager, whom you found by my side, on the night that I fell from my horse, was a kind, civil man ; who is he, Ambrose ? do you know him ?”

“Merely by report,” replied Ambrose : “the nearest cottage to his, and that is at the distance of almost two miles, belongs to an aunt of mine ; I have heard her mention that she had such a neighbour, and she called him Matthews.”

“What did she say of him ?” asked Lord William.

“Very little, so please your Lordship,” answered Ambrose ; “they live too far from each other to have much intercourse.”

“Has he any family ?—is he married ?” went on De Mowbray.

“He has been,” replied Ambrose, “for
I recollect

I recollect that I have heard my aunt speak of his grandson Edward."

This was all Ambrose knew—thus Lord William was obliged to suspend his inquiries. After a pause, he said, "Take this purse—carry it to Matthews—tell him that it is sent to him by Lord William de Mowbray, in gratitude for his assistance, on the night which he cannot fail to remember; and that my services are at his command."

Ambrose received the purse, and, was leaving the chamber to obey his master's directions.

"Ambrose," said Lord William, "if you should pass near the cottage of your aunt, step in, and inquire if she knows whether the situation of Matthews is such, that my farther assistance might be acceptable to him;—there was something in his countenance, that prepossessed me that night in his favour; and this prepossession is not a little enhanced by the recollection that

that he tendered me his help in the hour of my necessity.

Ambrose now departed, and the Baron impatiently awaited his return: so natural is it to the mind of man, to wish to undraw, if it be but a single thread of the veil which obscures any occurrence, that has met its knowledge in the guise of mystery.

Ambrose performed his lord's commands, but he reversed their order in the execution of them, by going first to the cottage of his aunt. Here the conversation, as it is natural to conclude, began with an account of where he was going next, and upon what errand—"Ah!" cried dame Tabitha, "old Matthews is a charming man; so worthy, it does one's heart good to hear him talk; and so sensible, he is as entertaining as a history."

"Where could a shepherd gain so much learning?" inquired Ambrose.

"He is no shepherd," cried Dame Tabitha, "he lives upright, on his means."

“Indeed!” said Ambrose; “and how many has he to maintain on what he possesses?”

“Only himself and his grandson,” was the reply; “a boy of about eight years old, or a little more;—poor man, he has outlived all his relations, as he told me, but this boy; pray the saints he live to be a blessing to him, and that the good man may not have to go to his grave, without one of kin, or kind to follow him.”

“But as he is neither shepherd, nor husbandman, why does he live in this lonely spot?” asked Ambrose.

“May not it be his pleasure to live in solitude?” returned the dame; “he never told me, and what right had I to question him on his actions?—He has lived in the world, as I have found from the discourse I have had with him; and most likely he has seen enough of its ways to be weary of them, as I am, and as you will be, before you come to my years, though

though you are so fond of gadding to court with your lord now."

Here Ambrose would have chatted away on the delights of the metropolis, had not Tabitha interrupted him with, "aye, aye, all very well while you are young; there's a time for all things; when you are my age, you'll think as I do;—come, go your way to Matthews, or you'll not get home again before midnight."

Ambrose drank another cup of his aunt's mead, and departed.

He trudged on without any adventure for the first mile: he had still full half another to go, and had just jumped over a ditch, which led him by a nearer way through a copse, to the cottage of Matthews, than the high road did; when he heard the sound of voices close by him; he stopped to listen whence they proceeded, and perceived, at a short distance from where he stood, Matthews sitting upon the stump of a tree, with his back towards him, and his grandson, Edward, on the ground by his side, and cutting some-

thing out of the branch of a tree, which he soon found the youth intended for an imitation of a pike.

A cluster of bushes formed a tolerable screen between them and Ambrose; and creeping to where their foliage was the thickest, he paused a few moments, with the desire of over-hearing what subject their conversation was upon.

“Why should I not be brought up to be a soldier?” asked the boy. “I shall never be happy till I learn the use of arms.—I know I am too young to go to battle and fight yet, but I might be learning how it is done.”

“Time enough to learn that,” replied Matthews, “when thy strength is equal to its toil and hardships.—What canst thou wish for beyond the enjoyments of peace and plenty, that thou hast in life? is there aught left thee to desire?”

“Oh yes,” returned the boy, “and I am sure you can’t be angry with me for telling you so, since you have always
charged

charged me never to conceal my thoughts from you.—I should like—oh, how, I should like, if the great Baron that lives at the castle yonder, would but take me to be one of his pages !”

“ Do you then wish to leave me, Edward ?” asked the old man.

“ Oh no, that I don’t,” returned the boy ; “ but I have heard you say that you understand the use of arms ; perhaps Lord William would give you employment too.”

“ No, no, my child,” returned Matthews, “ my days of strength are past ; thine are not yet come ; we are both unfit for what thy inexperience longs us to be practising.”

“ What ! ain’t I fit to be a page ? I am almost nine years old.”

“ No, Edward,” said Matthews, “ you must not be the page of the proudest Baron in the realm.”

“ How oddly you talk ! you are always telling me how bad it is to be idle, and

when I want employment, you oppose my seeking it."

The old man did not reply.

"Was my father a soldier?" asked Edward.

"Yes, he was," replied Matthews.

"And he was your son, and you let him be a soldier; I think if he was alive, he would have let me be one too. Did he die in battle?"

Matthews rose from his seat, and Ambrose directly sprang from his concealment and moved up to him:—"I was on my way to your cottage, sir," said he, addressing the old man; "I come from the Baron de Mowbray, who sends you this purse, in requital for the assistance you rendered him on the night when his leg was broken by a fall from his horse."

"I would," returned Matthews with emphasis, "that it had been in my power to have afforded him relief adequate to the feelings of my heart."—He paused, and then proceeded thus—"I have taken
means

means to inform myself of Lord William's health, and it gives me extreme satisfaction to learn his amendment—return him my most grateful acknowledgments for his intention in sending me the purse, but I must decline the acceptance of it.—Say also, that I shall seek a time to thank him more fully.”

“Let us go to the castle and thank him,” exclaimed Edward, “and then perhaps we shall see the soldiers performing their exercise.”

“Good night, Sir,” said Matthews; “I pray you execute my message punctually:” and having said this, he took the hand of Edward, and walked away from Ambrose.

The Baron awaited impatiently the return of his messenger, and when he arrived at the castle, he was instantly admitted into his Lord's apartment.

Ambrose related with exactness, all that had passed between him and his aunt, as also the conversation which he had over-

heard; from his covert behind the bushes, and his subsequent one with Matthews; and then retired.

When reclined on his pillow, the Baron felt a stronger inclination than ever to gain an explanation of what had appeared mysterious to him on the night of his accident. From Matthews's words, "that he should seek a time to thank him more fully," he conceived it possible that he might only be wanting an apt opportunity to explain to him what he had witnessed; and he accordingly resolved, as soon as he was able to go the distance, to call in person at Matthews's cottage, under pretence of making his verbal acknowledgments to him.

In about three weeks, Lord William was able to put his design into execution, and taking with him only Ambrose, he set out on his visit to the cottage by the side of the lake.

It was now the middle of January, the weather cold and frosty; the Baron was
on

on horseback, and Ambrose walked by his side. At the distance of about a quarter of a mile from Matthews's cottage, Lord William looking forward, said, "who is this that comes running towards us?"

"It is Matthews's grandson," replied Ambrose, "and see, my Lord, he observes us, and quickens his pace."

In a few moments they met—"O Sir," exclaimed Edward, addressing Ambrose, "how very glad I am to meet you! I was coming to the castle; my poor grandfather is taken so ill, that he thinks he is going to die; and I am running to the castle with a message from him, to implore the good Baron to come and visit him;—do you think he will condescend to comply with my grandsire's request?"

"Set your heart at ease, my boy," returned the Baron, "Lord William will be at his cottage in a few minutes; I myself am he." So saying, the Baron dismounted from his horse, and telling Ambrose he should walk the rest of the way to the

cottage, directed him to mount, and make all possible speed back to the castle, and return without delay to Matthews's cottage with the surgeon of his household.

Ambrose obeyed his directions, and the Baron walked on with Edward.

"Has your grandfather been ill long?" asked Lord William.

"Only since yesterday evening, but he says, he is sure he is going to die," replied the boy, the tears rolling down his cheeks.

"You love your grandfather I see," said the Baron.

"I have never known any body else to love," returned Edward; "I have never known either friend or relation but him, and should he die, I have no body to care for me, or to protect me."

"Come, come," said the Baron, "do not fear the worst, he may yet recover, and live many years."

"O no, I fear not," returned the boy, "when I left him just now, he trembled
and

and shivered so much, I scarcely expect to find him alive when I get back, though I left him sitting over the hearth; and I had piled all the wood upon it that it would hold too; but nothing could warm him."

A very short time brought them to the cottage; Edward ran in first; "Oh he is dead, he is dead!" exclaimed the youth, and threw himself in anguish upon the floor, on which the old man had fallen from his seat during his absence, and on which he now lay senseless.

"You alarm yourself too much," said the Baron, who had followed Edward close upon his heels; "he is not dead, he breathes still."

"But he will die, I am sure he will," cried Edward.

"Let us replace him in his seat," said Lord William, "and endeavour by simple means to keep life in him, till one shall arrive who better understands the operations of nature."

They succeeded in placing him on his chair, and Edward, by the Baron's directions, bathed his temples and the palms of his hands; after some time he opened his eyes, and threw them wildly around without any expression:—at length they settled on Lord William: on seeing him, the blood mantled in his cheeks; his lips moved as if he would have spoken, but no sound proceeded from them; with much difficulty he raised his hand, and pointed towards Edward; the tear of supplication stood in his eye, and he kept it fixed on Lord William.

“Is it my protection for that boy, you wish to ask?” said De Mowbray.

Again Matthews struggled with greater violence than before to speak; the exertion overpowered him quite, and he sunk back in his chair.

“Now he is dead, and I have no friend left me!” exclaimed Edward, falling at his feet, and burying his face between the old man's knees.

Lord

Lord William thought as the youth did, but he forbore to confirm his fears, by letting fall his own suspicions; earnestly did he pray for assistance from his castle; and as the time passed on, and no signs of animation were visible in Matthews, he began to conclude that it would indeed come too late.

From what was just past, it was evident to the Baron that Matthews's motive in sending for him, had been to implore his protection for his grandson; but might it not have been possible, he thought, that if the power of speech had been permitted to him, he might have had some secret of moment to disclose to him—some discovery to make, some explanation to convey relative to the mystery of that night, on which he had before seen him. It was still possible that the art of physic might recall the dying embers of his life into a momentary blaze, before they should be extinguished for ever; and his anxiety for the arrival of the surgeon swelled the

minutes into hours.—At length he came, escorted by Ambrose. Matthews was not yet dead, he pronounced, but the hand of Death was upon him.

Ambrose and the surgeon conveyed him to his bed, and proper means were used for recalling his senses. All endeavours for a time proved ineffectual—life was drawing to its close, and his disorder was merely the last flickerings of the lamp before it expired for ever.

The Baron placed himself by the side of the old man's bed. The medicines which the surgeon had administered, had induced a composure resembling sleep; his breathings were audible, and his shiverings had ceased.)

"He will never use them again," said Edward, the tears streaming down his cheeks, and removing from a table in the apartment some scattered papers which lay upon it, and the implements for writing.

"What

"What are those?" asked the Baron, pointing to the papers.

"They are," replied Edward, "verses which he writes in the night, when I am gone to bed; he is very fond in passing his time in writing, only he never does so when I am up, lest I should be melancholy for want of conversation.—He wrote that last night," added the boy, putting a paper into Lord William's hands, which he found to contain

AN ODE TO WINTER.

Winter bound in icy chains,
 Slowly creeps along the plains;
 Naked branches shivering stand,
 Withering under his command;
 If a single leaf appears
 Still bedew'd with Autumn's tears,
 The tyrant views, with envious glance,
 The glittering diamonds it sustains;
 He breathes around, and nought remains
 Of Autumn's richly tinted stains,
 Unless a hidden spray escapes awhile perchance.

Imperious

38 MYSTERIOUS FREEBOOTER.

Imperious now he sits on high,
Scattering whirlwinds from the sky;
Spreading devastation round,
He skims the earth, and seas profound;
Waves that gently kiss'd the shore,
As they lāv'd their golden bed,
Now with thundering fury roar,
Dashing every mainmast head:

While washed from off the shattered deck,
Yet clinging to the buoyant wreck,
The sailor sees, in wild despair,
A foaming billow high in air;
Desponding, yet still firm and brave,
He stems the awful mighty wave;
Till mountains over mountains roll,
From east to west, from pole to pole,
And plunge him deep within a watery grave.

Various troubles now assail

The humble tenant of the vale—

Labour, that gives with every meal;
What pampered luxury ne'er can feel;
Labour, that smoothes his rugged bed,
And seasons high his oaten bread,
Stern Winter, with terrific frown,
Denies; and rules the world alone.

The

The polished plough-share strives in vain,
 To sever Winter's icy chain ;
 The adamantine soil repels
 With sullen firmness every stroke,
 With vegetative life it swells,
 Yet cannot break the galling yoke.

'Tis night ; the sun his light withholds ;
 While cottag'd industry unfolds
 Her simple work—her evening care—
 No precious moment can she spare.
 Contentedly the weary sire,
 Sits o'er his dying, scanty fire
 Till cold and chill, on either hand,
 A group of cherubs shivering stand,
 Begging a brighter blaze may rise,
 With lisping tongues, and pleading eyes :
 Thus nature pleads ; nor ever pleads in vain ;
 The father eyes his little store ;
 One log, he thinks, can't make him poor ;
 And soon each face reflects a smile again.

The lingering sand now wasting shows,
 The hour approaching for repose.
 The pallet's spread, the mother sees
 Her infant offspring laid at ease,

Then

90 MYSTERIOUS FREEBOOTER.

Then strait retires, but not to rest,
 For cares unnumbered fill her breast :
 The spectre, poverty, an inmate here,
 Within her breast excites no fear ;
 But wasted famine's haggard eye,
 Bespeaks too hard a destiny ;
 Her fortitude within her dies,
 And even hope, reluctant flies :
 But soon upborne on silken wings,
 A beauteous seraph comfort brings,
 Religion, never-ceasing, bounteous power
 Of those who seek her in affliction's hour—
 Religion, brings her peace when hope is fled,
 And dries those tears her eyes in anguish shed.

No sportive matin song of birds,
 Ushering in the crimson dawn ;
 No distant sound of lowing herds,
 Awake to life a Winter's morn ;
 No cowslips gild the dewy lawn,
 No ruddy blossoms deck the thorn ;
 The modest daisy hides its head,
 Beneath its cold and watery bed ;
 The flaunting poppy, pert and gay,
 Attendant on a summer's day,
 Resigns its soft Lethæan power,
 And sinks the victim of an hour.

Stagnation

Stagnation reigns in every withering leaf,
 And mourning Nature looks absorbed in grief,
 Till Phoebus sheds his many-coloured rays,
 And on the glittering surface softly plays ;
 Dissolving quickly then the snow,
 Falls trembling from the mountain's brow ;
 And soon no vestiges remain,
 Of all that whitened o'er the plain.

Thus ends the reign of Nature's icy foe ;
 Whilst, first of gifts that from her bosom flow,
 Spring returns with aspect mild,
 Violet crown'd, her loveliest child :
 Now again the ruddy thorn,
 Glitters with the dew of morn ;
 Buzzing round sweet cowslip bells,
 Bees suck nectar from their cells ;
 The vivid flash from beauty's eye,
 When tell-tale love is lurking nigh ;
 The pleading look, the starting tear,
 That parting lovers often wear ;
 The balmy kiss, the gentle sigh
 Escaping, yet it knows not why ;
 All hail the lovely bloom of opening Spring,
 While Cupid's arrows flutter from its wing.

92 MYSTERIOUS FREEBOOTER.

Give me a heart to enjoy her various charms,
For by her power, misfortune she disarms;
And hours of tears, and days of grief and pain,
Are lulled when Nature smiles, and Spring resumes her reign.

The lines which Lord William had just read, bore evident marks that they proceeded from a mind which had enjoyed the benefits of education, and not from that of a rude shepherd; and this conviction made him still more earnest to derive, if possible, from Matthews, some account of himself, before his death.

As evening drew in, the surgeon recommended to the Baron to return for the night to his castle, saying, that it was extremely uncertain how long the existence of Matthews might still be protracted; and promising to send for him immediately, if any material change should take place; but the desire of fathoming the mystery which appeared connected with
the

the boy, to whom he was so extraordinarily called, by his helpless state, to give protection, prompted him not to quit the spot; and he sent home Ambrose to account for his absence.

During the night no alteration took place in old Matthews; about seven in the morning, his respiration became more difficult, and opening his eyes, he endeavoured to lift himself up in his bed, which Lord William perceiving, lent his assistance to raise him on his pillow. Matthews turned his eyes upon him, a faint smile of pleasure sparkled in them at the sight of the Baron, and he pressed his fevered hand upon that of De Mowbray, as if to thank him for his presence.

Edward came to his side;—Matthews recognized him;—the boy understood that he did so, and throwing his arms round his neck, hung weeping upon him.—Matthews held him there some minutes, while he appeared to be in silent prayer; then disengaging himself from his embrace, he
turned

turned his head towards the Baron; he endeavoured to address him, although unintelligible words alone proceeded from his lips; of this he did not himself seem sensible, but continued to speak: at length, "protect, protect him!" were distinguishable; on this Matthews paused;—"I will protect him," replied Lord William, "while he continues worthy of my favour." Again Matthews spoke, his agitation appeared violent; he seemed to be wishing to convey to the Baron an idea how very worthy the boy was of such favour, but one word only was articulate in all he spoke, and that was "*noble*."—But whether the epithet had been applied by Matthews to his mind, or to his blood, the Baron was undecided, although he conceived that the old man had endeavoured to indicate the latter.

Anxious still for some clue to the mystery of that night which had introduced him to Matthews's acquaintance, he requested the surgeon and Edward to leave him

him for a few moments alone with the dying man. They complied, and Lord William lost not a moment in advancing the inquiry, for the purpose of making which he had required their absence;—whilst he spoke, he saw the eyes of Matthews fixed on him; and when he had made his demand, they still continued the same;—he repeated his question, and took the old man's hand in his, by pressing which, he hoped the more earnestly to engage his attention to what he was saying. His eyes still continued unmoved; he breathed a faint sigh, sunk back on his pillow, and expired.

The Baron stamped with his foot upon the floor, and Edward with the surgeon immediately came up. On hearing the event of the last moments, expected as the issue of his grandfather's illness had been by him, still the acuteness of Edward's sorrow was as violent as if the shock had been sudden; so true is it, that hope hangs on the last thread of a
valued

valued existence, and does not fly us till that thread is divided past repair.

At this moment arrived Ambrose, and two other servants from the castle, with refreshments for their lord, who directed them to proceed to the village, and procure proper persons to perform the due offices to the dead body; and commanded Ambrose not to leave the cottage, till the interment had taken place, concerning which, he said, he should in the course of the day issue his orders.

This done, he directed Edward to collect for him all the papers which had belonged to his late grandfather; they composed only a small roll, which the boy took from a drawer in the chamber; and the Baron receiving it at his hand, invited Edward to accompany him to his castle.

Edward entreated to be permitted to remain with the corpse of his grandsire, till it should become a tenant of the earth; but to this request, the Baron replied,
"No,

"No, Edward, that must not be; I have promised you my protection, which promise includes in it my friendship; and consistently with these titles, I cannot permit you to pay an attendance inimical to the return of peace to your own mind."

Edward again kissed the cold lips of his grandfather, and bursting into a flood of tears, gave his hand to Lord William, and suffered himself to be led away by it, from that humble cot, which had hitherto been the scene of all his boyish griefs and joys.—Happy age! why are thy hours so fleeting! why are thy minutes the painful prologues to the bitter tale of life?

On their arrival at the castle, the Lady de Mowbray was just risen, and the breakfast-table spread: Lord William introduced to her his young charge; and the little Rosalind, who had just completed her sixth year, smiled her welcome to the first being so near her own age, whom she had yet seen admitted an inmate of the castle walls.

The Lady de Mowbray, whose gentle soul expanded in tenderness to every child of sorrow, exerted herself, with the most happy art, to repel the flowing tide of grief that streamed down the cheeks of the youthful Edward; but although she soothed the anguish of his heart by her motherly attentions, still she could not prevail on him to join in their meal; his heart was overcharged with grief, and at the present moment he loved it as his best friend, for it filled up every vacancy that his lost friend had filled before.

With the first opportunity, Lord William examined the papers he had brought with him from the cottage, but to his disappointment, there was no information to be gathered from them. Some contained only lines of poetry, and others essays on various subjects, which he thought appeared to have been written for the instruction of Edward. Not a single word was to be found in them, concerning the family,

mily, fortunes, or name, of him by whom they had been written.

At the due time, the interment of Matthews took place ; and the sorrow of Edward was again awakened to its keenest pitch, by attending the body to the grave. But friendless as he had conceived his case to be, the poor Edward had many consolers, and many comforters ; the peculiarity of his unfortunate situation, added to his engaging disposition, won him the hearts of the whole castle, as well as those of its Lord and Lady.

A few days after the funeral, Lord William took occasion to talk apart with Edward ; there might still, he thought, be a clue to the unravelling of the mystery concerning Matthews, within the breast of the youth himself, although he might be unconscious that the intelligence he might have it in his power to give, was the solution of any dark occurrence ; for this purpose, leading him one day into the

F 2

garden,

garden, he thus began—"How old do you say you are, Edward?"

"I shall be nine years old on the first of next May," the boy replied.

"And how many years have you lived in the cottage by the side of the lake?"

"Ever since I can remember; I never lived any where else till I came to this castle."

"And how long had your grandfather lived there, do you know that?" inquired the Baron.

"No, that I don't indeed," replied the boy.

"He had not always lived there, then, I suppose?" Lord William said.

"I dare say not," returned Edward, "for I have heard him talk of London and Scotland, and many places that he had been in, he said."

"He must have found his cottage a very solitary place, after having been accustomed to the busy scenes of life; but I suppose you had visitors?"

"No,

"No, never," replied Edward; "nobody came to see us, except by chance any of the peasants round about the neighbourhood had business with my grandfather."

"Indeed!" returned De Mowbray; "are you sure nobody ever came to your cottage as a visitor, either by day or by night?"

"I never saw any body in the day-time, I am sure," answered the youth; "and what should any body come for in the night?"

That was what the Baron wished to discover; but the means seemed as far distant as ever. They walked on some minutes in silence, Lord William watching the countenance of the youth, but unable to discover in it the reflection of any sentiment in his heart which betrayed him acquainted with the subject at which the Baron was hinting.

"Do you remember the night on which I fell from my horse, near your grandfather's

father's cottage, and broke my leg?" asked De Mowbray.

"Oh yes, very well," replied Edward; "he told me of your accident when I awoke in the morning; and he often made inquiries about you of the peasants, and was quite pleased to find you were getting well."

"Then you were asleep when it happened, and knew nothing of his coming out to give me assistance, till the next morning?"

"No, nothing; he told me of it then; he said, I had been in bed an hour or two when he heard your cries."

"Was he alone when you went to bed?" asked the Baron.

"Yes," replied the boy: "you forget, my Lord, that I told you before there never was any body with us; why did you think there was?"

"I thought I saw another man besides your grandfather," replied the Baron, "and guessed it might have been some unfortunate

fortunate straggler, from the bands of the Scottish ravagers, to whom his humanity had tempted him to give shelter."

"Indeed you were mistaken," returned Edward, "for I am sure there was nobody in the cottage but us two."

The ingenuousness of the youth convinced the Baron that he was really unacquainted with a third person having been the inmate of the cottage that night; indeed it was natural to suppose, that whatever deed had been passing in it at the time; that required secrecy from the world, would have been concealed from a boy of eight years of age. He was not sure that it would be right in him ever to inform the boy of what he knew; the present, he was certain, was not a time for such communication; he therefore discontinued the subject, and they returned together to the castle.

CHAP. VI.

We are as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' th' sun,
And bleat the one to t'other; what we chang'd
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing; no, nor dresm'd
That any did.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

SEVERAL years passed on, during which Edward was the universal favourite of the inhabitants of De Mowbray Castle, and very frequently the playfellow of the little Rosalind.

Wary as was the general conduct of Lord William, he had not the judgment to understand that those intimacies which
are

are contracted in innocence of heart, are more difficult to be broken off than such as are formed upon passion; thus, while he considered them as too young to love, he foresaw no growing mischief in a partiality which he conceived to proceed merely from an equality of years, and a liking for the same sports and toys.

But young as Edward was, his soul was naturally of that manly disposition, that the ball and kite would have been looked upon with contempt by him, with any other companion in their exercise than Rosalind; but with her, although he did not yet understand the nature of his feelings, every trivial amusement became of the highest consequence; and an accidental feather, which she had in sport blown along the air, was a treasure worthy to be hoarded in his breast.

Still Edward found time for the grand passion of his heart, which was the rival of his sports with Rosalind, and this was that of endeavouring to make some profi-

ciency in the use of arms. The Baron perceived his martial disposition, and took pleasure in having him instructed in the science he loved; he was observant of the lessons he received, and did credit to those who were, by turns, his tutors.

Lord William often reflected on the mysterious manner in which Edward had been thrown upon his protection; sometimes he felt inclined to trust to him the mystery which had attended the first night of his introduction to his grandfather; but this idea was always overruled by the consideration, that such knowledge might fill with anxiety and melancholy the heart of one whose conduct, during the time he had been an inmate of De Mowbray Castle, had been the most deserving.

About the time that Edward had attained his fourteenth year, was the period at which the incursions of the borderers called so strongly for the counter-exertions of the English government, that the Queen commanded the fortifying of all the castles.

ties on the borders of the kingdom, amongst which that of De Mowbray was one of the principal.

Young as Edward was, he was extremely alert in attending Lord William during the time that the castle was receiving additional strength from the architect; and the zeal with which he lent such assistance as his youth enabled him to give to the preparations for repelling the foe, added to the Baron's knowledge of his love for arms, induced him to promise the youth, that in the new troops which he was about to levy, he should be an active member.

Edward already thought himself a hero of renown; already he saw a gigantic Scotchman dead at his feet, and his pike smoking with his blood; his heart leaped with joy at the idea, not because he was to become a murderer, but because he was to become a brave soldier: cruelty was no inmate of his heart; he would at any time rather have gone a mile out of his way, than have trodden on a helpless worm.

When he first saw Rosalind, after the promise made to him by Lord William—

“ Oh, Rosalind !” he cried, “ I never can be sufficiently thankful to Lord William.

I am to be a member of his new troops, when they are all raised !”

“ And shall you like that ?” said Rosalind, the words faltering on her tongue.

“ To be sure I shall,” replied he. “ Oh, what havoc I shall make amongst the foe ! It will be glorious !”

“ How can you talk so about killing people ?” asked Rosalind. “ What have they done to you, that you should thus seem to enjoy the idea of their death ?”

“ Why,” rejoined he, “ are they not the enemies of our country ?—the enemies of our good Queen, who is the favourer of my protector ?—and who is, what I like her still better for, the godmother of Rosalind ?”

Rosalind smiled, then said—“ But should you be killed yourself ?”

Edward looked at Rosalind, then at the ground,

ground, then again at Rosalind; and for the first time ventured to thank her anxiety for him with a gentle kiss, which she scarce felt touch her cheek. Lady de Mowbray entered at the moment; the action did not escape her, but she did not notice that she had seen it. Lord William almost immediately followed her into the apartment, and Rosalind enquired, with an agitation which he did not observe—
 “When the new troops were to be raised?”

Lord William replied—“Oh, some time hence, when our castle is fortified.”

The words “some time hence,” Rosalind flattered her own wishes by giving the utmost latitude imaginable to; and composure quickly returned to her spirits.

Whilst the preparations for repelling the incursions of the Moss troopers were forwarding with all possible alacrity, amidst the daily labourers at the castle, was an elderly man, a mason by trade, who having represented himself to Lord William as a widower, the father of a large family

of children, whom he was unable to support by his labour with any degree of comfort, petitioned employment for his eldest boy, who he said was about fourteen years old, and able to assist in carrying stones and mortar. The Baron assented to his petition; and on the following day appeared amongst the workmen, the boy, whose name was Hubert.

Edward, constant in watching the progress which was making in fortifying the castle, saw, in turn, every workman employed in it, and amongst the rest, Hubert caught his attention. The lad had a fine countenance, though a cloud of discontent hung over it; his limbs were well formed, but the scantiness of his cloaths had exposed them to many hardships, of which they bore the marks; shoes he had none; the soles of his feet seemed of equal hardness with the flints on which he trod, by the unconcern with which he moved over them, when heaviest laden; uncovered, like his feet, was his head; and his
dark

dark brown hair hung in matted folds about his face and neck.

Edward eyed him with attention; and whilst he looked at him, he drew a comparison between his own happy situation and the comfortless one of poor Hubert, exposed to the biting winds of March, and shivering under burdens too great for his strength and age. The lad climbed the castle wall with a stone on his shoulder, and moved out of Edward's sight.

Towards evening, Edward was again on the ramparts; as he was approaching towards an angle of the castle, he heard a voice say—"Why, you are cold, boy!" "Aye, and hungry too!" was the reply. He turned the angle, and saw Hubert beating himself with his arms, to produce circulation in his almost frozen blood. It was already dusk, the workmen were departing, and amongst them, Hubert almost immediately left the ramparts. On the following morning, Edward took with him a slice of meat upon a cake of bread, and
with

with these he went in search of Hubert. Before he had delivered his present, he met the Baron.

“What have you got there, Edward?” he asked. “What, hungry so soon after breakfast!”

“I hope you are not angry, my Lord?” replied Edward. “I hope I have not done wrong; but it is to give away.” And he then related his intention.

Lord William was a character which is very common in the world at the present day, and most probably was not singular in those he lived in; he was a good man in every respect where it did not interfere with his own views to be so; thus he only chid Edward for apprehending his displeasure for such a trifling liberty, and was passing on, when the object of Edward’s charity appeared in view, and Lord William stopped to observe him.

“Here, Hubert,” said the youth, advancing towards him, “here is a piece of bread and meat for you.”

“You

"You can't eat it yourself, I suppose," returned Hubert, without stopping to take it.

"You draw a very unkind inference from my action," replied Edward, not a little hurt; "and what I did not expect from you."

Hubert's father appeared in sight at the moment Edward spoke.

"Come hither," said Lord William, calling to him; "your's is an insolent boy, and deserves punishment: this youth just now offered him some food, out of compassion to his comfortless appearance; and instead of thanking him, he told him that he supposed he could not eat it himself."

"Pray, my Lord, forgive him," said the father. "I have tried every means in my power to alter his disposition; but I cannot by any method break him of speaking exactly what he thinks upon every occasion. I am sure he did not mean to offend—he has one of the best hearts."

hearts in the world; and I am certain he is hungry enough too."

Lord William was going to reply, when he was interrupted by the yelping of a dog behind him. The mastiff belonging to the castle had, out of tyranny, hunger it could not be, snatched a bone from a cur belonging to one of the workmen, whose apparent ribs eloquently told the hungry state of his stomach, and who was now bewailing his loss.

Hubert came running up to Edward, "I beg your pardon, Sir, for what I said," he cried; "pray will you give me the meat and bread now?"

The hand in which Edward had at first held it out to the lad, was still extended with it; and as he did not withdraw it on Hubert's request, the lad took it into his. "Thank you, gratefully, Sir," he cried, and running up to the howling cur, laid it down before him.

"What is that for?" asked Lord William.

"To

"To reward him, my Lord," said the lad, "because he was run down for being poor."

"He *has* one of the best hearts in the world!" exclaimed Edward, "and I wish Lord William would let me ask him to dine at the castle."

Lord William smiled at the earnestness with which Edward advanced his petition; and with a caution to the lad not to speak his thoughts again with the freedom he had just been guilty of, he gave him his permission to dine with the servants at the castle that day.

From this time, there was a something, inexplicable almost to himself, unless it could be accounted for by that reverence which a mind of discernment naturally feels for a noble and honest heart, which led Edward to throw himself perpetually in the way of Hubert; and to him, and him alone, the lad relaxed in that roughness of temper, which he maintained towards every one else, and which proceeded

proceeded from his sense of Edward's benevolent feelings towards him, and from gratitude for the many favours which he received at his hands.

In the course of about three years, the castle was in a state of such forwardness, that Lord William began to raise the men, who were to render that strength a terror to the enemy.

Edward was now on the point of completing his seventeenth year, and the Baron realized the promise which he had made to him, by giving him the command of a small body of men, into which number the *surly* Hubert, for by this appellation he was generally known, voluntarily enlisted.

At the close of another twelvemonth, Lord William seeing his plans of defence drawing towards a state of perfectness, and all the levies of men which he had demanded, raised, judged the present an expedient time for going to London, and basking for a while in that sunshine of
favour,

favour, which the Queen would doubtless warm him with, in return for his alert execution of her commands, and which would render him the envy of the court. Another motive also impelled him to this journey; his Rosalind, the god-daughter of her Queen, had never yet been introduced to the metropolis: Elizabeth had never seen her, since she had held her an infant in her arms; her charms were now beginning to expand into the most lovely bloom of perfection; and he hesitated not to conclude, that she would be no sooner seen, than some exalted alliance would offer itself to her acceptance, as the possession of her hand would be deemed a never-failing passport to the favour of the Queen.

To Lady de Mowbray he accordingly imparted his intention of setting out, as soon as the necessary preparations could be made for their journey: she had never visited the court since she had become a wife, and from causes confined to her own breast,



breast, she felt a reluctance ever to return to it; but the will of her husband was absolute; and she also considered it becoming that Rosalind should not be withheld from a visit to the Queen, who had so frequently asked to see her: she therefore acquiesced in his plan.

To Rosalind, the sensation of leaving home was a new one, and she knew not whether it inspired pleasure or pain. There was something too gratifying to the heart of youth, in the idea of being received at court as the child of her sovereign, not to inspire her with some degree of pleasure; but it was counterbalanced by the wish that she had a brother to share her joy; and she wished that Edward were that brother; but he was to stay at home, exposed to attacks from the enemy; he might fall before she should return, and she might even have no nominal brother to relate her adventures to. These were feelings which she could not subdue, and with a blush, she whispered them in her mother's

ther's ear. Lady de Mowbray endeavoured to rally her out of her ideas, but as she spoke, the tear stole down her own cheek.—“Why do you weep, my dearest mother?” said Rosalind.

“Not at any present unhappiness, believe me, my child,” she replied; “thoughts are intrusive visitors, that will come unbidden:—before I die, you shall know whence they proceed.”

The Baroness here broke off the conversation, and the necessary preparations for their journey prevented Rosalind from dwelling so much on her mother's words, as she otherwise might have done.

To Irwin, his first leader, Lord William deputed the chief command in his absence; and under him, Edward was appointed to a post of the next importance.

On the morning of their departure, Edward attended them to their horses; the bustle of preparation had allowed them scarcely a moment to bid farewell.—Rosalind, caught one unobserved, as she passed through

through the castle-hall, to say—"Take care of yourself, Edward; do not run heedlessly into danger, should you have to encounter the foe. If you should be killed before I return, I shall wish I had never known you as"—she hesitated.

"As what, dear Rosalind?" asked the youth.

"As my brother," she replied.

"And should I be safe and well at your return, shall you be as glad to see me as if I were really your brother?" he rejoined.

"Oh yes," she answered; "but should you have exposed your life to danger, I shall not love your memory, though I am sure I shall weep for your death."

The Baron was already on his horse, and calling to her to follow, thus not another word passed—Edward pressed her hand in his, and they parted.

CHAP. VII.

Thou cam'st on earth, to make the earth my hell,
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and furious,
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody.

KING RICHARD III.

THEIR reception at court was as flattering as Lord William had predicted it would be; and the charms of his daughter created all that admiration which communicates the glow of pleasure to the hearts of fond parents.

Lord Burleigh, it has already been said, was the uncle of Lady de Mowbray;

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thrice

thrice had he visited Cumberland since the birth of Rosalind, and at every visit his conduct had been the most attentive, and apparently kind, to his niece; still it had been evident that her acknowledgments of it had not proceeded from the heart, but were the result of politeness, and that she looked upon him with something like awe and distrust.

At the period of Lord William and his family visiting the court, the Queen was lending her assistance to the Protestants in France, to whom she had sent many of her troops; and a decisive battle was shortly expected to take place, which would restore them to their rights, and put an end to the religious broils which then agitated the sister kingdom.

Lord Burleigh paid the same attention to his niece, which he had ever been remarkable for doing since her marriage; and appearing one day in the utmost good humour, which disposition he seldom shewed, even if he felt it—gravity being the natural

natural tone of his temper—Rosalind perceived her mother collecting, as it were, her strength to speak, and with a half-choaked utterance she said, “Where, my Lord, is now my cousin, Harry Cecil?”

“He is honoured by bearing the arms of England in France,” returned Lord Burleigh.

Lady de Mowbray sighed, and nothing farther on the subject passed.

When the family of De Mowbray had been about two months at the court of Queen Elizabeth, and she had finally asserted the justice of the Protestant claim, the English troops were recalled from the Continent; and a day, at a short distance from their return, was appointed for them to receive the thanks of their royal mistress. This day was destined by the Queen for festivity; in the morning she gave notice that she should receive her warriors in her drawing-room, and promised to her court a splendid ball in the evening.

Lord William de Mowbray understanding, that although the Queen had not expressed it, she still expected it, as a compliment due to the anticipated pleasures of the evening, that such of the nobility as were invited to share in them, should attend her in the morning, and be present at her reception of the officers on their return from foreign service, the Lady de Mowbray and her daughter composed part of the levee, which was very numerous attended. As god-daughter to the Queen, Rosalind always found the place of pre-eminence yielded to herself, and on that morning, she and her mother happened to stand at the right hand of Elizabeth—a situation which gave them an opportunity of particularly observing each officer as he approached the throne.

To Rosalind, every face which came up to receive that mark of the royal favour, which was conferred in the liberty of kissing her Majesty's hand, was a new one; to her mother, the countenances of some
of

of the veterans in service were familiar ; and next to the Queen, she became the object of their notice.

Whilst Lady de Mowbray was engaged with these in conversation, Rosalind's eyes were observing the succession of claimants for the Queen's smile, and amongst the number, one particularly arrested her attention ; and the impression he made on her senses was almost that of fear.

His figure was so tall, as even to be gigantic ; his limbs appeared cast in the same mould with those of Hercules, and his broad shoulders seemed like those of another Atlas, capable of bearing another globe ; the lines of his face were hard, and his penetrating, dark eye, beamed with ferocity rather than courage ; still his countenance was indisputably handsome ; and from the necessity of confessing it to be so, the keenness of his features appeared the more dreadful. He seemed at least forty years of age, and Rosalind thought that he might probably be more ; but his

person was such as did not betray the full sum of his years. He was cased in a complete armour of polished steel, studded at the points with gold; at his back hung a cloak of tyger skin, intertwined with a crimson scarf, richly embroidered with gold, to correspond with the ornaments of his armour; and in his hand he held a helmet, on the top of which nodded a forest of black plumes, and which, when placed upon his head, must have raised him a couple of feet in height above his companions.

He was announced as Lord Rufus de Madginecourt.

On retiring from the foot of the throne, he cast his eyes around, as if in search of some face which he might recognise; they fell on Lady de Mowbray, and he moved up to her. They entered into a conversation which denoted them well acquainted; and the firmness of De Madginecourt's voice corresponded with the strength of his form.

Lord

Lord William came up to the spot where they were standing, and after a few introductory sentences had passed between him and Lord Rufus, he said, "my Lord, I have a daughter, who must congratulate you on your return, as her father's friend ;" and having said this, he led Rosalind forward by the hand.

Lord Rufus received her with the smile of a courtier ; but as his eyes encountered her's, they sparkled with the fire of admiration, and he exclaimed, " By Heaven, De Mowbray, all the lilies which the Court of France can boast, must droop before this English rose.—Your father and I, lady," he continued, addressing Rosalind, " are old friends, and we must become better acquainted ;—let this kiss," and he imprinted one on her glove, as he spoke, " be the bond of my claiming your hand for the dance this evening."

Rosalind had no plea for refusing his request, but the insufficient one that she should have liked any other partner bet-

ter; and timid of a refusal, she bowed acquiescence.

In the evening, Lord Rufus appeared divested of his armour, and splendidly attired; his attentions during the evening to Rosalind were marked; but she could not help considering them, and she hoped her idea was a just one, as the effect of vanity—inspired by seeing himself the partner of a woman, whose hand was that night the most in request, from the partiality with which the Queen treated her, rather than of any preference he felt for her person.

Rosalind's opinion was by no means a fallacious one: Lord Rufus de Madginecourt was descended from a family, which had for many reigns been of the first importance in the kingdom; he was now himself its head; and as such, in addition to his being known to be a firm adherent to the interests of the Protestant cause, and an implacable enemy of the Jesuits, who were the open foes of Elizabeth, he had

had been received at court with a great degree of partiality by the virgin Queen.

Lord Rufus, eminently proud of his family, vain of his person, and covetous of wealth and honour, had misconstrued, or rather turned to his own wishes, the favour of Elizabeth, by suffering himself to believe that her partiality for him extended beyond friendship; and that while the sons of monarchs, nay, even sovereigns themselves, were denied the participation of her throne, good fortune pointed to himself as the destined partner of her exalted situation.

A man less proud than himself, might have perceived that vanity was the only motive from which the Queen invited all the young noblemen of England to be continually about her person; he might have seen that her favours were equal, to the end that she might not lose the homage of one youth, whom it flattered the predominant passion of her breast to believe

she held in the chains of adoration, not as a Queen, but as a female of superior personal charms.—To believe herself such, and to believe that others viewed her in the same light, was the only foible of a Queen, otherwise of an unimpeachable judgment and conduct; but even while thus, acted upon by the only weakness that had place in her breast, she had still sufficient wisdom to determine within herself, that this indulgence should never lead her into repentance, by inducing her to give up that supremacy, which must have died away from her, into a husband's power, had she ever admitted a partner to her throne.

Blinded thus by a vanity, which had not that command over itself which the same passion possessed in the heart of the wary Elizabeth, Lord Rufus saw only the favours which he himself received at the hands of his sovereign; and believing himself the only man to whom they were extended,

extended, he already considered himself as the chosen participator of the English throne.

His false hopes were just risen to their climax, at the time at which the English troops were sent into France; and a command of importance, to which the Queen had appointed him, seemed, in his imagination, to decide the crown of glory, his. Ever haughty and imperious, his conduct was now more so than it had been before;—he saw that it offended, but he relaxed not of his dignity, self convinced that its enforcement would soon be allowed as his right.—Anxiously did he pant for his return, to prove it such; and exultingly did he triumph on this day, when ranged amongst the nobles of the court, he looked upon himself as the all-powerful Jove, in whose hand the resistless thunder-bolt of power would soon be grasped.

He knew his person to be good; he had on this evening given it every advantage of splendid dress—to him a real advan-

fage, for his height admitted the richness of his robes as such; when on any other person they would have looked the very pageantry of folly. Resistless he beheld his appearance, and desiring every part of his conduct to be alike deserving of approbation from the Queen, he asked the hand of Rosalind for the dance, not because her beauty and innocence claimed her every tribute of admiration—not because she was the daughter of his friend, De Mowbray, but because she was the god-daughter and favourite of the Queen.

Lord William was an attentive observer of the conduct of Lord Rufus towards his daughter; he judged it the opening of a growing passion, inspired by her blaze of beauty; and he felt no small delight in the conquest he conceived her to have made.

Rosalind herself feared what her father hoped and believed; and never had solitude appeared to her so irksome, as the festivities of that night; she longed to be walking

walking on the ramparts of the castle, or indeed to be any where, rather than where she was ; nay, she almost thought it cruel in herself to be revelling in an amusement from which her friend Edward was secluded.

The Lady de Mowbray was even more depressed in spirits than her daughter ; her cousin, Harry Cecil, had fallen in France ; and she could not forbear paying the tribute of silent sorrow to his memory.

CHAP. VIII.

For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

FIRST PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH.

THREE weeks were now only remaining of the time which had been set apart for the visit of the De Mowbray family to the court, and Lord William had resolved not to prolong it, as he judged that a farther absence from his castle, at the very period when it was first become capable of being rendered of material service, would wear an

an appearance of neglect on his part, which might, in all probability, offend his Queen.

It was now the month of May, and short as had been Rosalind's stay in the metropolis, she felt anxious to return to the country. Her taste was purely simple; and she preferred the beauties of nature to those of art: the rising of the summer was her favourite season of the year, and she knew that in London she should see little of its charms. Towards the close of February, when she had left the country covered with the desolation that winter spreads from its withering hands, which open only to disperse bleak winds, frozen air, and driving snows, she had found so many artificial causes conspiring to soften its rigour in London, and to change the face of the season, that she dreaded lest the months of summer should be as much transformed as she had seen those of its opposite season; and this idea lent its aid

to other causes to make her desirous of returning into Cumberland.

Almost all the youths of the day who frequented the court, had fluttered round Rosalind's charms during her residence at it; but none had been sufficiently wounded by their lustre to seek the balm of possession for their cure: probably more than one had been withheld from a declaration of their passion by the watchfulness of Lord William, from whose frown they recoiled, none wishing to lie under the stigma of a refusal; and on almost all he *had* frowned, when they had read his countenance, in order to learn from it his sentiments of their pretensions to his daughter's hand, since he had entertained a hope that she had fixed her image indelibly on the heart of Lord Rufus.

On the morning appointed for their departure, the Queen insisted on meeting them at breakfast early, as that meal was prepared to favour a long day's journey;
the

the cold sirloin, with its wonted attendants, in those days, of ale and mead, graced the board. Lord Rufus was of the select invited to be present at their setting out; and the repast being concluded, a most gracious farewell from the Queen led them to the hall of the palace, from whence Lord Rufus attended them to their horses.

As soon as they were left to the privacy of their own party, the Baron demanded of Rosalind whether she regretted quitting the metropolis? Her answer was in the negative: and he then proceeded to questions which, although enveloped in ambiguous terms, she understood as enquiries whether her heart was returning from it as free from chains as he believed she had taken it thither; her answers were such as left him doubtful, and the conversation after some time took a turn. Lady de Mowbray had not joined in it; she had merely said, on quitting the city—"I shall never see London again;" and neither
her

her husband, nor her daughter, made any reply to her observation.

Their journey was pleasant and safe. Towards the afternoon of one of those days when spring lavishes her smiles in the richest luxuriance on the earth, after refreshing showers have given new vigour to the vegetative world, and called forth that perfume which the healthy bed of nature exhales, when the sun casts a golden lustre on the glittering drops which hang sparkling on the flowers, and the birds hail its triumph over the cheerless rain with their songs, Rosalind's eye caught the lofty towers of De Mowbray Castle, as her horse bore her slowly up a hill, from which its battlements seemed warring with the clouds.

To most females of her rank and age, the sight would, perhaps, have occasioned a sensation not entirely pleasant. "Here," they would have sighed out, "I shall be immured at least for months, perhaps for years

years to come, in solitude! and oh, how bitterly shall I experience the reverse of this scene from those of gaiety I have just quitted!" But exactly the contrary were the feelings of Rosalind; a quick pulsation throbb'd in her heart at the sight, and she exclaimed aloud—"We shall soon see Edward now; and oh, how much I have to tell him!"

They presently descended into a vale, where the castle disappeared from the sight of Rosalind, and nothing met her eye but the easy hills which formed its sloping sides, and which glittered like a bed of emeralds under the feet of the cattle which were browsing on their produce. As they again emerged from the vale, the castle once more became the prominent feature in the landscape; and the next to it in attraction was a body of Lord de Mowbray's men, who were seen drawn out on a velvet turf without the castle walls, in the act of practising the pike exercise,
and

and on whose arms the declining sun shed its rays of crimson light.

On approaching this body, Lord William perceived at their head his chief leader, Irwin, and eager to enquire of him whether any matter of importance had occurred during his absence, he turned aside his horse from the road, saying that he would follow his wife and daughter to the castle.

No sooner had they passed the draw-bridge, and entered the first court, than Edward was by their side, and Rosalind's cheek, for the first time, suffused with blood at beholding him; perhaps the blush was produced by the lesson of love which the different sensations with which she had beheld every other man, since her absence from home, could not have failed to have taught her.

- The Lady de Mowbray was a silent spectator of their pleasure at meeting; she was fatigued with her journey, and retired almost immediately to her chamber.

“Thank

"Thank Heaven, you are safe and well," said Rosalind, the moment they were alone.

"Ah Rosalind!" replied he, "can you think so kindly of me still, after the many men of rank and fortune who have, no doubt, sought from you that esteem you honour me with?"

"For shame, Edward," she returned; "don't you know me better than to think I could desert an old friend for any new acquaintance?"

"And have you not seen any one during your absence," replied Edward, his eyes sparkling with pleasure and triumph, "whom you have considered worthy the name of friend, which you honour me with?"

"No, indeed, I have not," she answered; "friendship must be founded on esteem; and how can I esteem those of whose interest in my happiness I have had no proof but their own words, equal to one like yourself, from whom I have received

ceived so many of a different nature? I know only their actions; I know your heart."

"Do you indeed?" said Edward with a sigh, half-pleased by the confession, half-fearing that she did not know it.

"Yes, I have known many instances of your goodness of heart," she said.

"I have never had an opportunity of doing you any service in my life; would I had been so fortunate," he replied; "or rather let me be thankful that you have never stood in need of the acceptance of any at my hands."

"But if you have never done me any, have not I been a witness of those you have conferred on others? and do you think me so selfish that I can only commend such benefits as I receive myself? Did not you give all your money to the poor woman that had her cottage burnt down, when you had been hoarding it for almost two months, to buy yourself a new sword

sword with, and the first too you ever were to have?"

"That was selfish in me," replied Edward, "if you knew the truth."

"How can you speak so ill of yourself," returned Rosalind, "when you know such was not the motive? Was it selfish in you to risk your own life by jumping into the lake after the poor woman's child, which had fallen into it, on the evening we went to visit the cottage where you lived with your grandfather?"

"Yes, it was indeed," replied the youth; "I was too proud of both those actions for them to deserve any name but that of selfishness; for I was so sure they would give you pleasure, that the satisfaction I received from their performance took away all the merit of my self-denial in the first instance, and my danger of being drowned in the second."

The Baron now came into the apartment, and Edward's conversation was immediately directed to him. The castle had
been

been free from all assaults during Lord William's absence, and the neighbourhood very little infested with ravagers; to this account Edward added, that the fortifications were entirely completed, and that every workman had received his discharge.

Edward supped with the Baron and his daughter; and at an early hour the two latter retired to rest, to seek refreshment in sleep from the fatigues of their journey. Every favourite piece of furniture appeared to Rosalind an old friend after a long absence from home; and on entering her chamber, she cast her eyes around, to assure herself they were all in their proper places. Her lute lay on a table in her closet, and she could scarcely forbear even then calling forth some of the tones which she loved to hear it express; but she contented herself with a promise in her own mind, that it should be the first thing she did on rising in the morning; and she then entered her bed, where she slept with a serene composure which had been unknown to

to her, while revelling in the splendour of the court.

On the following morning, Lady de Mowbray was so unwell as not to be able to descend into the breakfast-room. For some days previously to her departure from the metropolis, she had complained of unpleasant feelings and faintness, which had been solely ascribed to her being at that time obliged to use greater exertions of strength than she was accustomed to do at De Mowbray Castle, where she was in the habit of visiting but little. During her journey, the sensations of which she had sometimes, though very seldom, complained, were placed to the same cause; and the physician still believed that her present inability to leave her chamber, proceeded from her strength and spirits having been too much called into action during her absence from home. But the illness of Lady de Mowbray continued to increase with each succeeding day, and the art of medicine gave no relief to a

frame which was sinking under nature's debility. In the course of two months her approaching dissolution was so evident, that the physician ventured to announce to her family that his skill could not save her.

The Baron de Mowbray loved his wife, if not with the rapture of an impassioned lover, at least with that affection with which it became him to behold the mother of his child; and on the receipt of this intelligence, he expressed a sorrow which he really felt.

The lovely Rosalind, whose gentle nature, and whose sex, had allied her more strongly in affection to her mother, although she had never been defective in filial duty to her father, could scarcely support life, under the idea of the loss she was doomed to sustain; incessant tears flowed from her aching eyes, when she sought the solitude of her chamber to indulge her grief unobserved; and when she returned to the apartment of her mother,

ther, her heart was almost broken with the full tide of grief which she struggled to confine within her own breast.

In a gradual decay of nature, such as was the case with Lady de Mowbray, the animal strength faints and revives at intervals, like the last efforts of a dying lamp, and flatters with ungrounded hope, till a delusive blaze flames forth, the signal of its power being gone for ever.

A hectic colour had for two successive days tinged the cheeks of Lady de Mowbray; her voice had been stronger, and she had taken the refreshments which had been offered to her with a better appetite than she had done for some weeks before. Rosalind observed the change, and almost ventured to believe that it was the omen of amendment.

On the evening of the second day, the Baroness was sitting up in her bed, supported by pillows, and by her side sat her ever watchful daughter. "My Rosalind," said her mother, "do you not recollect

that on the day previously to our departure from this castle on our journey to the court, you spoke to me of your friendship for Edward, and hinted to me your apprehensions of never seeing him again? I endeavoured to rally you out of your fears; but as I spoke, the tear stole down my own cheek. You enquired the cause. I promised you that I would one day make it known to you—that moment is now at hand, for I feel that I shall not be long with you.”

The tears now burst from the eyes of Rosalind, in spite of her efforts to subdue them.

“Do not weep, my sweet child,” said the Lady de Mowbray; “death is but a short sleep, into which you will soon fall too, and then we shall be reunited.” She kissed her daughter, and added—“Let your father be called to me; I have something yet to say to him before we part; if I defer it, my strength may not be equal to my inclination.”

Lord

Lord William was summoned to the chamber; he approached the bed. Lady de Mowbray extended to him her feeble hand; he took it in his, and she spoke thus—"I feel, my husband, that my time on earth is short; it is still in your power to render the few moments I have to pass on it, happy ones—perhaps the happiest of my life."

The Baron entreated her to speak, declaring himself devoted to the will of rendering her happy by any means in his power.

"Have I," she asked, "proved myself to you a dutiful and affectionate wife?—Have I added comfort to the years I have lived with you?—Have I done any action that has made you repent your union with me?"

"Witness Heaven!" exclaimed the Baron, "that I consider you to have conformed, in every respect, to the character of a good wife, and an affectionate mother."

“Grant me then,” she said, “for the fortitude I have shewn through life, the petition I urge to you on my bed of death.—De Mowbray, when I gave my hand to you, my heart was rent from his, with whom Heaven had united it:—life is in me past recall;—his spirit has already flown to happier realms; and it is now no sin to make confession of the truth.—From the hour of infancy, until that day when ripened sense pointed out to us too keenly the agony of separation, my cousin, Harry Cecil, was the only heart on which mine had ever reposed, in friendship or esteem.—I was an orphan—so was he—dependant both on my cruel uncle Burleigh.—He knew our love; but he forbade our union, with threats, which, desperate as they were, I knew him capable of putting into effect.—I was not allowed to speak in my own cause; and he gave you my hand:—Once become a wife, I resolved to perform, for duty’s sake, what I could not do for love: you had been
deceived,

deceived, though I had been wronged ; and I resolved that my conduct should never open your eyes to repentance.—You had not been the aggressor towards me ; and I felt that I owed you good only for the situation to which you had raised me. I wrote to Harry Cecil, and charged him never to see me again ; I obtained his promise.—The exercise of my duty towards you, you returned with an affectionate kindness, that gained you my love.—This child was given us, to make the bond indissoluble.”

The tears of the Baroness choked her utterance, and she fell upon the neck of Rosalind. Lord William stood as one entranced at what he had heard, and unable to reply. In a few moments she proceeded thus—“ Heaven is my witness of the gratitude I have ever felt, that with me a forced marriage has been a happy one.—Witness also is the same Heaven, of the blessings I have implored upon the head of him who has made it so.—But oh, I

have known the dread attendant on the idea of being forced into a tyrant's arms ; and the only pang I now feel, the only care that haunts me, as I tremble on the verge of the grave—the only tie that makes me wish to linger here—lest my poor child be ever exposed to such a misery. Soon will she be, as I was, without a mother to protect her, or to plead in her defence.—Pardon me, De Mowbray, that I should seem to hint a doubt of your protection equalling what mine and yours united have hitherto been ; but I well know how men are urged by pride, how worked on by ambition, and how little feeling for a woman's love these passions leave within their hearts.—O, let not our child be such a victim!—O, let me die happy !—say that you will give my Rosalind to the man of her heart.”

The Baron pressed the hand of his wife in silence ; he felt his pressure returned with a grasp beyond her present strength, and he foresaw that it was the grasp of Death.

Death.—Her eyes were already dim, and her lips white; the exertion of the last half hour had hastened her scene of life towards its close, perhaps more speedily than it would else have drawn to it.—Her other arm was wound round the neck of Rosalind.—In accents scarcely audible, she repeated—“Give, oh give my Rosalind to the man of her heart!” and with a faint sigh, she expired.

The Baron immediately called in her attendants, and resting the fainting Rosalind upon his breast, he led her away from the scene of death.

Rosalind's tears would now no longer flow; the existence which she had so earnestly prayed to have protracted was fled past recall; and an entire stagnation of faculty, which denied her even the relief of tears, now bound up her feelings. Her attendant, the simple Gertrude, who was the niece of Ambrose, and had lately been admitted into her service, tried in vain to gain her attention to the words of

comfort which she bestowed on her; but Rosalind heard her not; all sense lay buried in her; and she was almost as devoid of life as the corpse whose inanimation she bewailed.

The Baron, like his daughter, sought the solitude of his chamber; but he bewailed their common loss with a grief less poignant than her's; he was a worldly man; and the life of her whom he had just lost, was not of sufficient weight in his scale of power or advancement, to create him any serious sorrow at her death;—he bewailed her as a wife whom he had loved, not as a privation, of which time would never efface the impression from his mind. He dwelt on the confession she had made of her heart's engagement ere she had known him; he felt that she deserved every remuneration for her conduct towards himself; and he believed it an impossibility that it should not be his wish, as well as her own, to give their “Rosalind to the man of her heart.”

De

De Mowbray Castle had in former times been a religious foundation ; hence its chapel was still extant, and in the use of the family ;—in this chapel, accordingly, were the remains of Lady de Mowbray to be deposited ; here was to be laid the stone that would close up all her earthly honours.

The eighth evening after her decease was appointed for her interment ; the ceremony was performed by torch-light, and the gloom which pervaded the scene tended to string the wretched feelings Rosalind already experienced, to a higher pitch of misery.—Leaning, half dead herself, upon the arm of her father, she followed that clay which was still dear to her, even though the life which had rendered it amiable had forsaken it :—the vaulted passages which led to the chapel, in the repetition of the slow steps which paced them, seemed to send forth murmurs in unison with the moment ; and from the insufficiency of the torches to

H. 6 produce

produce an even light as they were carried through them, their lofty roofs appeared to spread a sable canopy over the melancholy procession.

As they descended the steps which led from the last of these winding passages into the chapel, the organ poured forth its plaintive tones upon their ears :—Rosalind could no longer subdue her emotions, and the tears burst from her eyes, while groans of agony fell from her lips.—Still she retained sufficient strength to support herself, with the assistance of her father and Edward, from falling to the ground ; but when the earth was thrown upon the coffin, and even that was hid for ever from her sight, all her little remaining fortitude died within her, and she sunk senseless into her father's arms.

For a length of time, the spirits of Rosalind gained little amendment, from the state of depression into which her mother's death had thrown her. Seldom could she be induced to quit her own apartment ;

apartment; and then it was only to stroll through the gardens, or along the ramparts, attended by Edward, or the Baron.

Heavy was the heart of Rosalind, even after reason had chaced from her breast the violence of grief, and reflection began again to exert its powers in her mind; she felt—inexplicable to herself was the feeling, but she could not divest herself of it, that all her happiness had died with her mother.

CHAP. IX.

'For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich :
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful ?
Or, is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye ?

SHAKESPEARE.

NEARLY six months had elapsed since the death of the Lady de Mowbray, when on a winter's evening, which called for the most cheering blaze a wood fire could emit, the Baron, who, from respect to the feelings of his daughter, had spoken but
little

little of his wife since her decease, produced a casket, in which, he said, she had told him, a few days previously to her death, that she had deposited some small legacies, which she wished him to distribute, when she was no more.

On opening it, he found her jewels inscribed to her daughter; several trinkets of small value, directed to her favourite servants; and a parcel superscribed for Edward, which contained a ruby cross, that Lord William recollected to have heard her say, had been given to her by her cousin Harry Cecil; and on the paper that enclosed it was written, "*Accept a mother's gift.*"

"Next my heart will I wear it!" exclaimed Edward, "for she who gives it has indeed been a mother to me."

The tears of Rosalind flowed afresh as she looked upon the ornaments, which brought to her memory the form of her who had been accustomed to wear them.

The Baron himself did not see them

without emotion ; he called in such of the domestics as had bequests assigned to them ; and he had just distributed the valued legacies, when a shrill horn was heard on the outside of the castle walls, which was immediately replied to with a louder blast by the sentinel in the watch-tower.

Lord de Mowbray sent out to inquire the cause ;—the servant returned with information, that a courier, then waiting at the foot of the drawbridge, had brought the letter which he delivered into his Lord's hands : the Baron broke the seal, and as his eye passed rapidly over the characters which the paper contained, pleasure sparkled in it ;—turning to the servant, he commanded the courier to be admitted, and every attention to be shewn him in the castle ;—then addressing his daughter, he said, “ my Rosalind cannot fail to recollect Lord Rufus de Madginecourt, to whom she gave her hand at the dance ; he is travelling, this paper informs me,
into

into the north, and will make my castle his abode for a few days on his journey towards his own ; he will arrive to-morrow by the hour of dinner."

Rosalind certainly did recollect him, and the same unpleasant feelings which had attended her first sight of him, accompanied his image to her memory now.

The Baron proceeded without delay to give orders for the reception of Lord Rufus ;—a splendid entertainment he directed to be provided in the castle ;—he commanded his forces also to draw themselves out on the walls, and salute the entrance of his friend within them : he then retired to rest, his brain filled with floating ideas of his daughter's conquest, his hopes of which have already been hinted at ;—and Rosalind laid her head upon her pillow, with the anticipation of something disagreeable, she could not decide what, arising from the intended visit.

Lord Rufus passed a more uneasy night
than

than either, at an inn about twenty miles from De Mowbray Castle, where he rested on his journey.

At the time when Lord William and his family returned from the court, it must be remembered that we left Lord Rufus soaring on the wings of pride, towards the point which he vainly imagined would ensure him the summit of his earthly wishes, by making him the joint sovereign of his country with his Queen. Blind, we have already said, he had hitherto been to all the attentions which Elizabeth had bestowed on the other nobles who resorted to her court, and clear-sighted only to the favour with which she had honoured him, which his own vanity prevented him from seeing as it really was, of an equal nature with that conferred on other courtiers. But his eyes had lately been opened, and he had fallen from the pinnacle of his imagined glory, into the very abyss of madness and despair. Although he had not been able to distinguish when others enjoyed

enjoyed equal favour with himself, yet he had become immediately clear-sighted, on one being selected by the Queen to be blessed with honours and countenance superior to himself; and this had occurred within a short space of time, to Robert Dudley, the younger son of the late Duke of Northumberland, whom Elizabeth had created Earl of Leicester, and to whom her partiality was such as could not escape the dullest perception.

In him Lord Rufus saw the downfall of his hopes—the execrated period of his self-raised expectations! All he now desired was, that the Earl might in like manner fall the victim of his wishes; and had he not dreaded the utter ruin of himself being the consequence of such a step, he would have put a period to his rival's hopes in death. Rage, for a length of time, alone filled his breast, and choked up the powers of his mind; gradually the natural policy and cunning of his disposition began again to assume their sway, and he

consi-

considered that next to sharing the throne himself, the succeeding step was to be second in honour. To this attainment the road appeared to him easy and open. The Queen's first favourite was her god-daughter, Rosalind de Mowbray; the father of that god-daughter was his intimate friend; thus he conceived that to ask, and to obtain, would be the short prelude to the preferment which he sought.

On this errand was his present journey into Cumberland taken. Still the disappointment of the past rankled more in his breast than the expectation of the future animated his heart; and there was even a possibility, though he considered such a possibility to be the very shadow of a shade, that the prize he now aimed at obtaining might, by some unforeseen obstacle, be withheld from his possession; a second failure of his schemes he felt his already irritated system very ill-suited to bear up under, and he truly dreaded the event of a negative.

About

About an hour before noon on the following day, the shrill clarion announced the approach of De Madginecourt's train; it was instantly replied to from the castle, and the drawbridge let down.

Lord Rufus was numerously attended, and with the most condescending smiles to those in arms who saluted his arrival, he entered the first court of the castle. Here he dismounted; the bridle of his horse, while he alighted, was held by his page, a boy of about fourteen years of age, of a most interesting person, and intelligent countenance, to whom, on entering the castle hall, he gave his helmet to bear at his heels.

Here the Baron de Mowbray stepped forth to give his friend welcome, leading in his hand Rosalind, whose native charms gained additional lustre from the simplicity of her dress, which consisted only of a long robe of black silk, which flowed to her feet, and was confined round her neck and waist with a single string of pearls.

Lord

Lord Rufus met her with a smile of ecstasy, while studied adulation flowed from his tongue, with all that ease which is natural to a man whose intercourse with refined society has taught him how to make design appear the involuntary act of nature.

Edward and Irwin were next introduced to his Lordship; on their entrance from the command of their troops, which had been drawn out upon the ramparts against his arrival; and the sumptuous repast was then served up. That every sense might be alike regaled, the pillared hall rang with the sounds of various instruments, and the minstrels sang the tales of Valour and of Love; the defeat of France on the Plains of Agincourt, and on the Hills of Cressy; the contest of the Roses; and the praises of their present Queen; and these were followed by love-ballads and romances.

The repast being ended, the health of Rosalind, proposed by the lips of Lord Rufus, went round in an overflowing goblet;

let; and she then left the hall, that her presence might not prevent the free circulation of the wine, or be a restraint upon the revelry of the hour.

She retired to her own apartment, to which her attendant Gertrude soon followed her. Without any other female except this simple attendant to exchange a sentence with, Rosalind had allowed her, since the death of her mother, a much greater degree of familiarity in her presence, than she would else have done to a girl in her situation; and Gertrude had returned the confidence reposed in her with the truest affection and esteem for her mistress. Entering hastily into the apartment, she said—"Joy to you, my dear Lady. I hope I don't offend you. I beg your pardon with all my heart if I do; but I must be the first to wish you joy, if all that is said be true."

"What is said, Gertrude?" asked Rosalind.

"That the noble Lord Rufus, about whom

whom there is all this bustle now in the castle, is come on purpose to make your Ladyship an offer of his hand," returned Gertrude.

"If such is his intention," replied Rosalind, "I am sure it is unknown to me; and if such were the case, do you really think it would be the occasion of joy to me?"

"Why, my Lady," rejoined the girl, "they say he is the first and richest nobleman in the land; but then, to be sure, if one's heart don't go with one's hand, or is gone any where else before, as I may say, why then, indeed, that alters the case; at least, I am sure if I speak of myself, gold would have no weight with me, if the other scale were filled with love."

Rosalind smiled.

"Aye, my Lady," went on Gertrude, "I've always had my guessings; whether right or wrong, I've always kept them to myself. I say nothing to any of them below. There are his Lordship's attendants
all

all dying to have a peep at their new lady, as they call you; they say they have heard your Ladyship is so beautiful; just the wife for a man of his Lordship's rank and wealth. I'll believe it, when I see it, thought I; but I kept my thoughts to myself."

Rosalind continued silent; Gertrude went prattling on, and at last hinted, pretty plainly, at the nice couple which, in her opinion, her Lady and the charming master Edward would make.

"I have no thoughts of marriage," said Rosalind; "it is certain that I shall never give my hand where my esteem has not preceded it; and I confess that Edward is the only man, except my father, whom I have ever yet thought worthy of possessing it. But then you are to recollect, Gertrude, that my esteem may be bestowed without my hand, though my hand shall never be given without my esteem."

The goblet had been so freely circulated

in the castle hall, that the Baron did not require the presence of his daughter at the evening repast; and having understood that she was not desired to preside, she retired at an early hour to bed.

Rosalind's sleep was disturbed, her dreams various and distressing; one in particular—during the influence of which she imagined herself in a lonely wood, where she met a coffin, borne on the shoulders of skeletons, and the lid of which being opened, displayed to her sight the mangled body of Edward.

She awoke, chilled with horror at the recollection of her dream, and unwilling again to commit herself to the tormenting power of sleep. Her lamp was burnt out, a faint light shone through her window-curtain, and imagining that day was beginning to dawn, she arose, drew on some of her cloaths, and went to the window; just as she reached it, the castle clock struck five. She was now convinced that it could not yet be daylight; she drew
aside

aside the curtain, and perceived the moon floating in silver splendour through a peaceful sky opposite to her window.

She felt a reluctance again to return to bed; thus stood gazing on that planet which had often before been the subject of her admiration and reflection. The season was that of the depth of winter, and the ground was covered with snow, the surface of which the biting air had hardened into a sparkling substance, which being reflected upon by the light of the moon, appeared as if the earth was sprinkled with myriads of stars. As her eyes wandered over the scene before her, they fell on a distant object, of which the dusky colour attracted her notice by its contrast to the whiteness of the snow, and which appeared to be in motion; a few moments discovered to her that it was a human figure, and as it approached nearer, she saw that it was tall, and wrapped in a dark-coloured cloak. It continued to advance towards the castle, and, in a short

time, she lost sight of it, as it turned an angle of the walls which led to the drawbridge.

She would probably have thought no more of what she had seen, supposing it to have been some person belonging to her father's household, that had been to the village, and was returning by the advantage of the moonlight to the castle; but in a few minutes more she heard footsteps on the rampart, which ran under her window, and, on looking down, she saw the same figure moving hastily along.

The sight rather startled her, but she felt convinced that it must be somebody belonging to the castle; it could be no enemy, or he would not have gained admittance across the drawbridge, from the sentinel. Still she felt desirous of knowing who this midnight wanderer could be, and what his business abroad: there could be only one reason, she concluded, for his passing along the eastern rampart, and that must be to gain admittance into the castle

castle by the postern-gate, to which it led. The window of her closet commanded a view of the court, into which was the entrance from the postern-gate, and she resolved to go to it, and ascertain whether her suspicions were just.

Arrived there, she saw no one in the court below, and observed that the gate was shut; but almost immediately she saw it glide back on its hinges, and the muffled figure pass through the portal. It looked round, and then cautiously locked the door on the inside. This done, it proceeded across the court; and even now Rosalind would probably have thought no more of the circumstance, had not the figure stumbled in its progress, and the cloak fallen from its shoulders in its effort to recover its balance. It stopped, and turning round its head, as it again drew the cloak upon it, the light of the moon fell on its countenance, and Rosalind discovered the features of Lord Rufus de Madginecourt.

The discovery surprised her, although she could not account why she should be surprised at any action in a man's conduct, with whose character she was so little acquainted, as she was with that of Lord Rufus.

He passed out of sight, and she continued at the window in thought. Sometimes she argued with herself the possibility of her having been mistaken in the countenance which she had believed herself to have seen; but truth would not be refuted; her view of him had been too good for a mistake of this nature. Whether she should mention what she had seen, was her next point of debate with her own mind; and on this she concluded, that as his actions could by no means concern her, it was her wisest plan to be silent upon them, lest her being known to have observed them should draw forth from any lips a reflection upon her having left her bed at that hour in the morning.

With true pleasure she hailed the light
of

of day ; and no sooner did the crimson-fringed curtains of the east announce the rising of the sun, than she called up Gertrude, and began to attire herself for appearing in the breakfast-room.

Lord Rufus and she entered it together ; he beheld her with all the studied admiration he had done on the preceding day, and she looked upon him with even more dislike than she had at first seen him with ; her unpleasant feelings with regard to him being now heightened by the concealment which had attended his entrance into the castle that morning.

When breakfast was ended, Lord William proposed that they should ride out for an hour or two, and fly their hawks, to which his guest readily assented, and their horses were led forth. A milk-white steed, with gilded trappings, bore the imperious De Madginecourt ; proudly he neighed on receiving his rider, and proudly Lord Rufus bestrode his favourite horse. Of a commanding figure and person, Lord

Rufus never looked to greater advantage than when mounted on horseback; it was therefore his favourite amusement; for, like all men whose passions are relax, vanity held a place in his heart; and he now triumphantly gave the reins to his steed, which sprang wildly forward with his rider, and gave him an opportunity of displaying to Rosalind, who had attended her father to the drawbridge of the castle, his skill in the art of horsemanship.

On their departure, Rosalind returned to the breakfast apartment, where she had not been many minutes before a gentle tap upon the door asked for admittance; she rose, and opened it. The solicitor for entrance she found to be the page of Lord Rufus, who advancing into the room with a small silver box in his hand, said—
 “ Lord Rufus de Madginecourt, my Lady, commands me to request your acceptance of this trinket, as a mark of his esteem for you.”

Rosalind knew not how to reply; she
 felt

felt repugnant to accepting any present from a man to whom her soul was as averse as it was to Lord Rufus, and who she feared might construe her acceptance of his gift into pleasure at receiving it, instead of seeing it in the only light in which she could induce herself to take it, that of not hazarding an affront to a guest of her father's by a refusal.

After some moments hesitation with her own mind, she coolly said—"Your Lord does me unmerited honour; pray return him my thanks, and accept that piece of gold for yourself."

The page put the silver box upon a table, received his reward from the hand of Rosalind, and, with a low obeisance, he quitted the room, saying—"Alwin is your Ladyship's slave."

Vexed by the necessity she had been under of accepting a gift thus forced upon her, by a man to whom it was unpleasant to her feelings to be placed under the slightest obligation, the box lay some

time untouched; at last she took it into her hand, and, opening the lid, she found it to be only the case for a rich diamond necklace, in the centre of which, encircled by stones of great value, was a picture; she examined it, and found it to be the resemblance of Lord Rufus himself.

The discovery which she had dreaded was now too clearly made, that Lord Rufus intended to ask her in marriage; no other motive could have authorized the gift she now held in her hand. She looked upon it some time, with a disgust heightened by contrasting with his image the one which her mind drew to rival it; hence followed a train of ideas which wound her senses to the keenest pitch of feeling; and unconscious that she spoke, she exclaimed aloud—"Never shalt thou be the rival of my Edward!"

A sigh behind her recalled her senses from herself to outward objects; she turned hastily round, and observed Edward on tiptoe, leaving the apartment. His eye met

met her's; he hesitated in his pace; confusion glowed on both their countenances.

"I entreat your forgiveness, Rosalind," stammered out Edward; "I did not intend to listen to what you were saying; I did not come into the room on tiptoe, but you were so occupied, that my steps were unnoticed by you, and I could not help hearing what you said."

Rosalind blushed still deeper than before, but she did not speak; and Edward was again moving slowly out of the apartment.

"You are not going," she said. "I have much to say to you."

He was by her side in an instant.

"Edward," she went on, "I have always considered you as my brother; the dying gift of my mother warrants the name by which I call you;—to whom then ought a sister to disclose her griefs, but to the brother of her affections?"

"Speak out, dearest Rosalind," he returned: "if you have wrongs, I will re-

dress them, if I am able; if that is not in my power, I will not prove myself unworthy of your confidence."

Rosalind shewed him the contents of the box she had just received, and explained to him her dread of what declaration might not follow such a present. The manly lip of Edward quivered as he repelled the rising tear; for the first time in his life he felt the dread of losing Rosalind, at a moment too when her innocent confession had filled his heart with joy and gratitude; speak he durst not; had he allowed his tongue the privilege of speech, he could not have restrained the drops of sorrow that would have started with it from his eyes.

"And yet," said Rosalind, "surely I fear too soon, too vainly.—I am my father's only child—her; he calls his darling hope; surely he will not, by unkindness, wither in its bud the blossom which should cheer his age, which I would live to be,
would

would he henceforward cherish me with the same affection he has hitherto done."

"Oh Rosalind!" exclaimed Edward, "that I were any thing but what I am—that I did but know myself——"

"Are you not good, virtuous, and brave?" asked Rosalind. "What more is requisite to make life happy? If you were a Prince, you could not more excel in those qualities than you now do; thus you are a Prince already in that which is most excellent, and best worth loving."

"It is not in fathers, my dear Rosalind," returned Edward; "to content themselves with such inheritance in sons, as philosophers might prize—with them, especially with men who rank in society as highly as Lord de Mowbray does, wealth and title are the only pre-eminences which they seek in marriage.—Lord Rufus has both."

"And you——" said Rosalind mournfully.

"Shall ever be much blest in being still
'3. your

your brother," said Edward, interrupting her.

Rosalind burst into tears, and fell on his neck; for the first time their arms entwined each other. Edward raised her gently from his shoulder; and as he led her to a seat, his eye fell on the window, and he saw Alwin, the page, standing in the garden opposite to it, and looking inquisitively into the apartment.

Rosalind's eye turned to the spot where she saw Edward's fixed, and she observed the page.

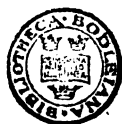
"Call the boy in," she said, "and I will send back his Lord's present by him who brought it. You shall be present at my returning it."

"I entreat you not," said Edward; "if it be for your happiness to return it, let it be conveyed back to him through the medium of Lord William; do not put it into the power of that boy, whose pertness and vanity bespeak him a favourite with his Lord, to convey to him a message of
his

his own moulding, upon a subject of this nature."

"Do you think he had been long at the window?" asked Rosalind.

Edward understood the modest fear that was concealed in the question; he endeavoured to evade an answer, but she understood that the page had seen her face reclined on Edward's neck. "Well, be it so," she said; "I am sure my father loves me, and I will see him in private ere I sleep."



CHAP. X.

He says, he loves my daughter.

I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon.

Upon the water, as he'll stand and read,

As 'twere, my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain,

I think there's not half a kiss to choose

Which loves the other best.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

HAD Rosalind been the only female who was that day to have sat at her father's table, she would have made it her excuse for remaining in her own apartment, as she had already given her presence once to Lord Rufus in the banquet-hall; but on this day, the family of a nobleman in the neighbourhood having
been

been invited to the castle, in which were a mother and her two daughters, she prepared herself, without hesitation, to take her place at the dinner-table.

She did not enter the hall until Lord Rufus and some of his companions were already there with her father; thus she had no opportunity of speaking to him alone: after some time, he moved up to her, and whispered in her ear—"From a hint which has been given to me this morning, I expected to have seen a new ornament gracing your neck to-day, Rosalind; or has your modesty, at a first gift, kept you from wearing it? Methought you would have been proud of the display."

This remark confirmed her fears, and she said—"Pray let me see you in my chamber to-night, before you retire to your own."

The Baron returned an affirmative nod, and mixed amongst his guests.

At dinner Lord Rufus was, as he had
been

been on the preceding day, the occupier of the seat adjoining to that of Rosalind; his eyes were the legible prologues to what his lips were intending shortly to convey; but the presence of the company restrained him from more particular attention. After the feast, Rosalind saw him no more, as she retired to her own chamber on the departure of the guests.

Wrapped in busy thought, she sat waiting the coming of her father till the clock struck twelve; she had already enquired for him once, but had found that he was engaged in conversation with Lord Rufus and the gentlemen who composed his party. She now sent again to ask concerning him; and Gertrude brought her information, that he and Lord Rufus had retired together into the Baron's study.

The heart of Rosalind beat more anxiously than before; she could not fail to conclude of what was their conversation; she dreaded lest her father, lured by the splendour of De Madginecourt's offer,
might

might be led into some rash promise, in which her future happiness might be involved, and she could hardly forbear sending to request his immediate presence.

An hour and an half more passed, and still she heard they were together; at the expiration of that time, one of the Baron's servants called Gertrude from her mistress's chamber, desiring her to inform Rosalind, that on account of the lateness of the hour, his Lord must defer seeing her till the morning.

Rosalind, on hearing this message, suffered herself to be undressed, and Gertrude to draw the curtains round her; but, although reclined upon a bed of down, sleep refused its balm to her agitated mind.

Alwin had faithfully communicated to his master Rosalind's manner of receiving his present; and he had equally taken care to represent to him the full extent of what he had afterwards witnessed in the breakfast apartment between her and Edward.

Alwin

Alwin was the acknowledged favourite of Lord Rufus; and the reason of his being so was, as Edward had supposed, his artful exercise of qualities which were useful to a man who possessed De Madginecourt's spirit of intrigue. The boy had, from almost an infant, been in his service, and proved himself an apt scholar in those lessons which his Lord had given him, for mixing the meanness of cunning with the playful childishness natural to his years, and exercising them to the best advantage, in gaining such intelligence as suited the favourite scheme of his master, whatever at the time it happened to be.

During their morning ride, Lord Rufus had communicated to De Mowbray his intentions concerning his daughter, and the present he had that day sent to her. Lord William received his proposal with evident marks of that joy with which it really inspired him; and in answer to De Madginecourt's question of whether the Baron believed her heart to be disengaged? he

he had replied, that he was certain it was so. Upon this intelligence, Lord Rufus returned triumphant in his own idea to the castle; and De Mowbray experienced an exultation at the completion of his desired plan, which he knew not how to confine within his own breast.

But this vain suitor, and inconsiderate father, who should have recollected that the heart most intimately concerned in an affair of this important nature, should have been the first consulted, met with a severe check in their progress towards their air-built castle, when Lord Rufus, requesting to speak in private with the Baron at night, informed him that Alwin had seen his portrait thrown down in disdain from the hand of Rosalind, and her cheek, bedewed with tears, rested on the neck of Edward.

It was some time ere Lord William could be induced to believe that the boy had not been deceived, or was not deceitful in the information which he had conveyed to his Lord; and when convinced that his report

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was actually founded in truth, his reply was, that his daughter had ever lived on terms of the greatest friendship with the youth Edward, and that he doubted not but that she was imparting to his confidential ear the first emotions of her joy.

Lord Rufus was too well acquainted with the history of the heart, not to know what is the nature of a friendship between two persons of opposite sexes, at the age of Edward and Rosalind; and he represented his opinion to the Baron.

The Baron, in his heart, was not less suspicious of the truth than was Lord Rufus; but not hesitating to decide that his arguments in favour of De Madginecourt, backed by his wealth, his rank, and his passion, would easily turn the girlish affections of his daughter away from a youth who lived only by his bounty, he still maintained his first idea of sisterly friendship to Lord Rufus; and they parted for the night, the Baron promising to com-

commune with his daughter before he saw him in the morning.

The Baron, as it has been already said, retired from his conversation with Lord Rufus to his own chamber. The observations of the page Alwin perplexed him in the regulation of his conduct; not less did his daughter's request, of seeing him that night render him at a loss what to expect from her lips; at all events, he judged it best to prepare himself for meeting her with a night of cool reflection; and for that purpose he urged the lateness of the hour as an excuse for his not seeing her before he went to bed.

Lord William slept little that night; he feared that Edward was regarded in a nearer light by his daughter than that of a nominal brother; now the idea had once started into his brain, he recollected many circumstances which confirmed him in believing it to be a just one, and which, at the time, had escaped his notice, or at least his reflection. After much debate with his
own

own mind, he determined to meet his daughter, in such a manner as if it were impossible for him to doubt that what she had to communicate was her joy and pride at the conquest which Lord De Madgincourt's present of his portrait shewed her to have made of his heart. Should he find her communication to be of a different nature, he resolved, first to endeavour to wean her mind from Edward, by holding him up to her view as an object derogatory to the honour of her affections. Should not these means succeed in bringing her over to his fondest hope, there were others left behind, of which he meant as yet to say nothing.

The sleep of Lord Rufus was very little disturbed by the occurrences of the day; he had no real love for Rosalind, to keep him waking with the reflection that a rival might be possessing the heart he coveted; he doubted not but Lord William would be sufficiently clear-sighted to his own interest, to exert his authority over his daughter

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ter in the bestowing of her hand, if he could not command her affections along with it; and his motive for marrying her was not of that nature which could suffer any anxiety about the terms in which he received it.

At an early hour in the morning, the Baron entered Rosalind's apartment; early as it was, he found her risen, and prepared to receive him. After the usual salutations of the morning, she took from her table the present sent her by Lord Rufus; and extending her hand with it towards Lord William, she said—"I have to request of my dear father that he will return this into the hands of Lord Rufus de Madginecourt, with any apology for my not accepting it, which he may deem best suited to the occasion."

Lord William did not open his hand to receive it, but spoke thus—"I commend, my dear Rosalind, the delicate principle upon which you refuse a gift of this nature; but you are still to be informed of the

motive from which it springs—Lord Rufus asks your hand in marriage.”

“My motive for returning it,” replied Rosalind, “is still as strong as ever; for Lord Rufus, in the offer of his hand, confers on me an honour I am incapable of accepting.”

“Incapable! why incapable?” exclaimed the Baron, who now expected to hear the name of Edward advanced as the cause.

“Because,” answered Rosalind, “Lord de Madginecourt, my dear father, is a man whom, as your friend, I shall always make it my study to treat with politeness, and, if I can, with friendship; but were he not your friend, so far from loving him as a husband, I could not even feel happy in his presence.”

“Childish prejudices, my Rosalind!” cried the Baron, “too weak to inhabit a mind of education like your’s! You can give him friendship, you say, as being my friend; will not this induce you to give him love as my son?”

“Never,”

"Never," returned Rosalind; "if he persists in asking that, I fear I shall forget he is my father's friend, and repeal the indulgence I was, on that consideration, willing to allow him."

"You are firm in your replies," returned the Baron rather warmly.

"I have been taught by a fond parent, now no more," replied Rosalind, "that women, like myself, have only one period of existence at which our resolution is not sinful, and may be instrumental to the happiness of our future lives—it is when we are called upon to bestow our hearts where we are incapable of bestowing the passion that alone renders them valuable."

Rosalind's firmness was solely in her words; the tears were trickling down her cheeks, and her lips were pale. The Baron maintained silence; the recollection of Lady de Mowbray, which Rosalind had called forth, softened for a while that pride which was steeling every feeling of his heart, and interrupted him in the volley

of praise which he was going to pour forth on the wealth and worth of Lord Rufus.

A few minutes recovered for him his utterance; and he set before her all the arguments which he had devised during the night, to tempt her into an acceptance of De Madginecourt's hand.

Rosalind continued to oppose them with the placid reasonings of the heart; and the progress of an hour left the Baron entangled in the web of his own sophistry, and unable to support his pleas—so infallibly does Nature in her pleadings ever triumph over her foes.

But still, though perplexed in his arguments, De Mowbray felt himself possessed of a father's authority, when his eloquence failed him; but he judged it the wisest plan not to exert it too suddenly, lest, if a determined air accompanied his words, if his daughter once decided it cruelty in him thus to urge her inclination, that decision might render her desperate, and
stamp

stamp the utter ruin of his hopes; he accordingly concluded with requesting her to promise him that she would, for the course of one month, endeavour, by every means in her power, to alter her opinion of Lord Rufus, to reflect on the honour that awaited her as his wife, and to exert herself for the happiness of a father who sought only her welfare.

Although convinced within herself what would be the issue of such a compliance, that were the month a century, her opinion would still be the same, she consented to this proposal, annexing to it only one condition of her own—that as, at the present time, she undoubtedly did not regard Lord Rufus as the man whom she could ever consent to receive as her husband, the present which he had sent to her must remain in his possession till she had changed her sentiments concerning him.

: With reluctance the Baron received it at her hands, and repaired to the breakfast-

table; from attending him to which Rosalind excused herself.

On the entrance of Lord Rufus the Baron met him with an assumed smile; and with some comments on the delicacy of feeling natural to a girl of her years, he told him that it was her wish to be allowed a month for her decision, which he left Lord Rufus no reason to doubt would be in his favour, as he informed him that she had not spoken a single sentence to him, in their conversation that morning, relative to Edward, whom, he was now convinced, she regarded only in the light of a friend; or she would not have passed by so favourable an opportunity of declaring a warmer esteem for him. This was one artifice which he used to blind Lord Rufus to his daughter's real sentiments; another was, that of not returning to him his portrait, but retaining it in his own hands, and by his silence relative to it, leading him to believe it still in Rosalind's possession.

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In compliance with her father's commands, Rosalind was constrained to appear as usual at table, and to receive those attentions from Lord Rufus, which tended only to render him more odious in her sight.

No opportunity had occurred for her to see Edward alone for a single moment, since that morning when she had so innocently breathed forth the confession of her heart; but Edward had not required this avowal to tell him that their sentiments were the same, though various causes had withheld him from making a display of his own affection; nor did Rosalind now want to see him, in order that a repetition of the same professions might convince her of his truth and constancy, more than she was already convinced of them.

Edward was about this time very little seen at the castle; a tower of strength had for some time past been erecting at the foot of a bridge which crossed the river running through the neighbouring village,

and which pass, by being ably guarded, it was believed would materially impede the Moss-troopers in their incursions into the kingdom; and the command of this tower had been given by the Baron de Mowbray to Edward.

To him and Rosalind the cause of his removal from the castle appeared obvious; but it gave them no anxiety; they loved too truly, and too disinterestedly, for either to fear that absence should weaken the affection of the other.

Rosalind was in doubt whether Edward knew the terms to which she had been compelled to agree regarding Lord Rufus; she wished him to know them; but no safe method of conveying the intelligence to him presented itself to her relief.

Edward was at this time arrived at his full growth and strength; in form he was tall, well proportioned, and active; his person more than ordinarily handsome, yet manly and commanding; his hair black, and falling in short curls on his forehead

forehead and neck; his eyes extremely dark, and unusually expressive; in these beamed the intelligence of his mind, and on his lips played the good humour and benevolence of his heart.

Rosalind united in her person all the fascinating beauties of a Venus, and the modest graces of a Diana; exquisitely fair, her light brown hair hung in shining ringlets on her neck, as on a bed of polished ivory; her soft blue eyes sparkled with sensibility, her lips emulated the smooth ruby, and she spoke only to complete the witchery her face had begun.

Ill-fated pair! how little did ye dream, when ye first felt the glow of affection for each other warm your youthful hearts, that the innocent passion would lead you to misery! How little did ye then understand, that the noblest sensation of the breast is snapped from its stem by the withering hand of pride, and the purest sources of Nature's happiness turned from

their course by the greedy finger of avarice!

Oh Love! passion omnipotent and pre-eminent! how nobly dost thou display thine own superiority!—how gloriously assert thine independence! when, amidst a host of contending foes, thou risest still above their menaces and frowns, unshaken in stability; and when enclosed within the thorny circle of the world's prejudice, still findest a heart's-ease garland for thy breast in constancy!

CHAP. XI.

Ah me ! for aught that ever I could read,
 Could ever hear by tale or history,
 The course of true love never did run smooth.

SHAKESPEARE.

DAY crept on after day, and as the expiration of the fatal month drew nigh, Lord Rufus wore on his countenance a smile of joy and triumph, whilst on that of De Mowbray was painted a sullenness which had heretofore been unusual to it.

Lord William fed his friend with a belief that a ready affirmative to his proposal would flow from the lips of his daughter,

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whilst

whilst convinced himself that her opinion was unaltered. He grieved that it was so; and he grieved still more that his pride urged him to compel her to enter into an alliance which she abhorred; but he could not bring himself to sacrifice the honour of an union with the first nobleman in the kingdom, to the whim, as he regarded it, of a girl, whose opinions he considered as originating in caprice, and whose inclinations he doubted not would easily adapt themselves to any man, once become her husband.

Accordingly the determination of Lord William was, that Rosalind should become the wife of Lord Rufus; and being thus resolved with himself, he directed all his subtilty to make Lord Rufus believe it her voluntary act, though virgin coyness rendered her cool in the display of her sentiments.

On the day previous to that which concluded the month of trial, Lord William addressed his daughter with these words:

“To-

“To-morrow, my Rosalind, expires the time which my indulgence has permitted to your girlish reserve. I hope that it has been long enough to teach you to act with discretion in an affair of which you must see the importance to your happiness and my own—not doubting to find your opinion in concurrence with mine, I shall take an opportunity of seeing you alone to-morrow evening.”

He did not wait for a reply, but immediately turned from her. Rosalind burst into tears, and left the room. Her departure was not unobserved by him; and the cloud with which she alone seemed to darken his future hopes for the first time irritated him against her; and the word “obstinate” fell unintentionally aloud from his lips. And alas! how often does it fall from the tongue of parents, when daughters cannot accommodate their feelings to the convenience for which fathers wish them to marry!

On the following afternoon, when Rosalind

lind left the castle hall after dinner, Gertrude met her, as usual, to attend her to her chamber; but on arriving in the gallery which led to it, Rosalind turned to the opposite side of the mansion, and with a slow step proceeded along.

"My Lady," said Gertrude, "you are wrong. Whither are you going?"

"Into the cedar-chamber, Gertrude," replied Rosalind.

"What, the cedar-chamber where my dear lady died?" exclaimed Gertrude; "sure you won't go into it this afternoon; consider nobody has been into it since the day her sad remains were taken out of it; it is all hung with black yet, you know; and indeed I think you had better not go till to-morrow morning, if you wish to visit it."

"To-morrow morning, Gertrude," answered Rosalind; "would not suit my purpose in going into it; it must be to-night."

"To night!" echoed Gertrude. "What then,

then, you have heard the nonsense that the servants and people talk; but sure you can't believe that it is so, my Lady?"

"That what is so?" asked Rosalind in surprise.

"Oh, nothing at all, nothing, if you don't know," returned Gertrude.

"You have said too much," replied Rosalind, "to escape a confession now. What is it that is said?"

"Why, if you insist on knowing, my Lady—nothing more than that an odd-kind of a shadow has sometimes been seen near the door of the cedar-chamber of late—that's all," said Gertrude.

"If you mean to hint to me," returned Rosalind, "that my dear mother's spirit haunts the room in which she breathed her last, oh, may it be permitted her to visit her unhappy daughter!"

"Why, my Lady, to be sure you would not wish to see such a sight?" cried Gertrude.

"What,

“What, not desire to see my mother—and such a mother too as mine was! Oh, that it were possible for me to see her now, and to gain comfort from her lips!—But fear not, Gertrude, that my wish should be accomplished; there is no intercourse between the living and the dead.”

“Sure, my Lady, begging pardon for saying so, we hear of ghosts in the bible, you know.”

“Not since the revelation of God’s will to man in the person of his Son,” replied Rosalind; “before that period, such appearances, we are told, were accidentally permitted on earth, for some especial purpose of the Creator, but now are no longer necessary.”

“If it be so, my Lady, and I dare say you know best, because you have had so much good learning, what a pity it is that amongst the many other comforts the new testament has for us poor sinners, it don’t mention that there are to be no more
ghosts;

ghosts; I am sure it would have been a great happiness for many of us if it had."

They were now arrived at the cedar-chamber; the door was not locked, though the apartment was in disuse. Rosalind entered first, and Gertrude followed her with a slow and cautious step, which did not shew her thoroughly convinced of her lady's doctrine. The room was still cased with black, and the large knots of sable plumes, which had been placed upon the bed to grace the funeral pomp, were still hanging over it. The hour was that of twilight, and the portion of day which was admitted by the high and narrow casements, such as rendered the appearance of the whole scene so dark and melancholy awful, as might have shaken a stronger mind than Gertrude's with superstitious fears.

Rosalind fell on her knees before the bed, and continued for some time in silent prayer. Gertrude stood close by her, anxiously desiring to look on every side
at

at once, as if expecting to behold some object of alarm at every point of view, and yet so timid as not to be able to raise her eyes from the ground.

The moment Rosalind rose, "Come, my Lady, let's go," cried Gertrude, hastening towards the door.

"I am not going to depart from hence," said Rosalind.

"Not going to depart!" exclaimed Gertrude; "mercy bless us! Why, in five minutes time it will be quite dark; we shan't see our way out of the gallery into your apartment."

"Then go you down whilst there is light to shew you your way," said Rosalind, "and bring me up a lamp."

Gertrude had rather have argued upon this command than have obeyed it; but, however reluctantly, she was obliged to do the latter. In a short time, Gertrude returned with a lamp in each hand, which provision she had made for lighting herself down again, lest the want of such a
conve-

convenience should have obliged her to have continued a partaker of the gloom in which her lady, so unaccountably to her thinking, seemed resolved to remain. Rosalind saw her intention, and telling her to inform her father, when he should enquire for her, where she was, sent her away.

With her eyes fixed on a portrait of her deceased mother, which hung suspended over the wide and cheerless chimney-piece, Rosalind sat awaiting that interview with her father, on which she believed the fate of her future days to depend. With reflection for her only companion, her memory strayed back to the days of her happy childhood, and so crept on through every circumstance of note in her life to the present;—with a mind abstracted from the world, she dwelt on many days of bliss that would return no more; the sigh escaped her lips, and the tear stole down her cheek;—thus, absorbed
in.

in thought, she sat, till a rustling noise roused her from her reverie.

She started, and looked round her; the noise was repeated more gently than before, and seemed to proceed from behind the black drapery which covered that end of the room against which stood the head of the bed; she took up her lamp, and went to the spot; the arras was unmoved, and was hanging equal with the wall in every part. It must have been the wind, she believed, that had shaken the hangings; and thus convinced, she felt almost angry with herself that Gertrude's prattle should for a moment have caused her to suppose the noise she had just heard to have been produced by any other cause.

As she was returning towards her seat, she heard a footstep approaching along the gallery, which she imagined she recognised to be her father's; and she was not deceived, for in a few moments he appeared at the door. Entering but a few
steps

steps into the apartment, he said—"Why does my Rosalind choose this chamber for our conference?"

"Because," replied Rosalind, "it is the spot peculiarly sacred to the memory of my mother; and at a subject like the one that we are about to discuss, I would, if possible, have both my parents present."

Lord William cast his eyes around the chamber, with a countenance on which was depicted a mixture of regret and dissatisfaction; he then returned slowly to the door, and having closed it, he seated himself on the same couch on which Rosalind was sitting.

"Although you have lost one parent," he said, "can you doubt, my child, that the loss has diminished to you any of the parental affection I owe you?"

"I hope it has not, my Lord," replied Rosalind; "I hope, ere we quit this chamber, to experience a proof of it—to find in your heart that double portion of affection which would have been divided
between

between you for an only child, had my mother lived."

"You know, Rosalind," rejoined Lord William, "that my wishes are for your happiness and grandeur."

"Alas, my father," answered Rosalind, "how sickly a companion do you give happiness to thrive under, when you join it with grandeur! It is the deadly nightshade twining round a healthy vine to rob it of its sweets! If you would give me happiness, give it to me in its most enchanting garb of affectionate tranquillity."

"Lord Rufus," returned the Baron, "loves you too well, not to grant you every indulgence which can contribute to your enjoyment of happiness according to your own ideas."

"Oh no, my Lord," replied Rosalind, "if it ever becomes his right to be the dealer out of happiness to me, my felicity ends the moment such a right commences."

"You

"You speak too firmly on conjecture and prejudice," answered De Mowbray.

"What can you oppose to my ideas, that shall confute them with any degree of certainty?" asked Rosalind. "Surely it is more reasonable to seek happiness in humility, than to encounter misery for the sake of wealth."

"You allow love, then," said the Baron, "no place in the heart of Lord Rufus?"

"If it has," replied Rosalind, "and that love be for me, I should be unjust to him, as well as to myself, in giving him my hand, for I have no love to return him for his."

"But you are not incapable of the passion," answered the Baron with a satirical smile.

"I am incapable of deceit," answered Rosalind; "and if to esteem one above the rest of his sex—to feel for him as a brother, when other men pass unheeded by, is love, I hesitate not to confess it."

The Baron breathed a groan of contempt.

“ But hear this also, my father,” continued Rosalind: “ force me not into the arms of Lord Rufus, and I bind myself, by the same indulgence, never to ask of you to receive the man I love, as any other than my friend, if you shall refuse to call him your son.”

“ I call him *now* my dependant,” exclaimed the Baron; “ for I know your minion, though I have concealed from you my knowledge—Edward; he whom I raised from beggary and want, to my protection, and whom one instant is enough for me to crush again! My dependant!”

“ But as your dependant,” cried Rosalind, “ in the confirmed superiority you hold over him, does it not become you to be *more* kind to him, than if he were your equal, only because he *is* your dependant?”

“ And

“And is my kindness to extend to making him my heir?” roared out the Baron.

“It is not required of you,” replied Rosalind. “You have drawn me into speaking of him, when I meant only to have spoken of myself. You have said that you would supply to me the place of my lost parent, by added affection on your part. You said my happiness was your desire. Send Lord Rufus hence, and I will bind myself, by a solemn vow, never to become the wife of Edward.”

The Baron was going to reply, when a deep sigh was echoed from the other end of the chamber. He started up, and seizing the hand of Rosalind, he exclaimed—“Who is here concealed to overhear our conversation? Confess, I charge you, who your hidden witness is.”

“On my sacred word,” replied the trembling Rosalind, “there is no one

concealed that I am acquainted with: indeed there is not."

After a pause, the Baron let go her hand, and moved towards the spot from whence the sound had proceeded. The place was nearly the same where Rosalind had heard the noise before; but somewhat further removed from the bed. The Baron passed his hand over the arras: no impediment obstructed its progress. He looked around, and under the bed: nothing was to be seen or heard.

"Did you not hear a voice?" he asked, returning some steps into the middle of the apartment.

"I thought I heard a sigh," replied Rosalind; "but it was probably the wind that caused it. That corner of the arras was shaken by it, before you came in."

"Was it?" said the Baron, his countenance becoming a little more composed.

"I dare say it must have been so. There can be no one concealed, for I have felt

the wall uninterrupted along the whole side of the chamber."

He again threw his eyes round the room, returned to his seat, and spoke thus:—"Rosalind, I should not be the affectionate father I profess myself, did I not suffer my parental authority to over-rule your scruples, where I am convinced the enforcement of it is for your eventual good. I am sorry my child should be so unlike me, in her ideas of propriety and real happiness: I trusted that the month of deliberation which I gave you, would have been much more than sufficient for opening your eyes to the good that presents itself to your acceptance; and as I see you still blind to it, it becomes my duty to treat you as I should be compelled to do, were you a timid infant shrinking from the taste of a medicine, on which your life and welfare were depending."

"If Lord Rufus be the loathsome draught you mean," replied Rosalind,

"I have sufficient firmness to declare, that I will not swallow poison at a father's hand, although he be so prejudiced as to believe it a wholesome drink."

"You are now," said Lord William, with a forced smile, "becoming the very infant which I spoke of. You conceive the draught to be nauseous, and push it from your lips, without courage to make the experiment of its flavour."

"Can you wonder at that, my Lord," asked Rosalind, "when, if the draught prove bitter gall itself, 'tis drank for life?"

"But if those who have studied its powers tell us that it is desirable," asked the Baron, "how then?"

"Ask them if they have tried its effect upon themselves?" returned Rosalind.—

"But drop, my Lord, this allegory: plain reasonings best suit a discussion of interest like this. You are rich yourself; you stand high in honour: my alliance with this man cannot make you more prosperous,

prosperous, then why desire the sacrifice to be made?"

"Should I die," returned the Baron, "would you not want a protector?"

"The daughter of Lord William de Mowbray is a sufficient protection," answered Rosalind; "besides, I possess the additional one of my sovereign's favour."

"That sovereign may die: the times may alter," said De Mowbray.

"May not Lord Rufus die too?" asked Rosalind. "He has counted full your years, though you judge him an equal alliance for your daughter."

"The more matured by experience his years, the higher the honour of his condescension," returned Lord William—"and the more ignoble it would be in us to turn such an alliance from our door: me it becomes to guard against the falling of such a stigma on our house. I have pledged my word to Lord Rufus that you shall become his wife; and I

will not sully mine honour by a broken promise."

"Though the heart of your only child be broken in its fulfilling!" exclaimed Rosalind.—"Oh, my mother, why art thou not now alive, my mother!"

"Shame—shame!" cried the Baron. "Thy wish is blasphemy against a father's affection."

"I have no father!" sobbed out Rosalind, in a voice almost choked by contending feelings. "If I had a father, I would not lament a mother's repose from the cares of life; but the nature of him who was my father, is changed: he makes his child the tool of his ambition, and throws off love for pride."

"Rosalind," exclaimed the Baron, in a voice almost as much stifled as her own, but with different sensations, "degenerate girl, kneel, and thank thy mother that the semblance of thy voice to her's spares thee my bitterest——"

"Oh,

"Oh, do not curse me!" shrieked out Rosalind, falling at his feet. "How have I erred? I cannot change my nature, any more than Lord Rufus can alter his; I do not condemn him, because his is such as I cannot love; let not him, on that account, condemn me; and let not a father, whom Providence has gifted with reason, err in such wilful blindness."

The Baron's eyes were fixed on her; but he spoke not.

She rose, and took his hand.

"You recollect my mother," she said, "or you could not have compared my voice to her's. I thank Heaven that you have so strong a recollection of her! and I will now venture to tell you why I asked you hither."

She led him towards the bed—standing by its side, she continued thus—"It was on that bed my mother breathed the sigh of death; upon your bosom rested her head; her arm was wound round my neck, and, in the struggle of

departing life, she clasped me to her face, to imprint upon my lips her dying kiss: Scarcely she breathed: the tale of her crossed love had worn her strength to its feeblest extremity. Once more she spoke—"Give my Rosalind to the man of her heart!"

Every feature in the Baron's countenance became fixed, and it was difficult to read in them what was the predominant emotion of his soul.

Rosalind sunk upon her knees before him, and went on speaking—"Just now you compared my voice to that of my mother's—Oh, think it her's once more—think that they are her arms, which now twine themselves around your knees—think that they are her lips, the sanctuary of inviolate truth, that now repeat—"Give my Rosalind to the man of her heart!"

Pride, rage, and affection, were impetuously tossing in the heart of Lord William. In the tumult of the two former

mer passions, the softer feeling was overwhelmed, and he burst from the innocent supplicant, in an ungovernable ecstasy of rage.

Rosalind fell to the ground, with a faint shriek, and, at the same instant, a voice exclaimed—"Oh, spare her—spare her!"

De Mowbray's features fell : the stupor of astonishment seemed for a moment to lock up his every sense ; then snatching the lamp from the table, he hastened with it towards the arras ; but in his haste he hit it against the flowing curtains of the bed, and it went out.

His passion and disappointment were now beyond all bounds. He called aloud for assistance ; and having, with some difficulty, found the chamber door, he repeated his calls in the gallery. They were quickly attended to, and several domestics appeared with lights.

He repeated the search he had made on

hearing the sigh, and with the same ill success : nothing was to be discovered behind the sable covering which yet dressed the apartment. Puzzled, and almost alarmed by the occurrence, he rushed out of the room, and commanded that Rosalind should be conveyed to her chamber.

CHAP. XII.

Hail! thou house of death!
 And thou, the lovely mistress of these shades,
 Whose beauty gilds the more than midnight darkness,
 And makes it grateful as the dawn of day!
 Oh, take me in a fellow-mourner with thee!
 I'll number groan for groan, and tear for tear;
 And when the fountains of thy eyes are dry,
 Mine shall supply the stream, and weep for both!

ROWE.

IN a state of wretchedness of mind, which it was almost beyond her strength to bear, Rosalind continued for some time to traverse her chamber in silence and solitude, save the presence of Gertrude, who stood, statute-like, observing

her mistress from one corner of the apartment, and who did not at all hesitate to conclude that she had seen the dreadful shadow in the cedar-chamber, of which the report was gone abroad in the castle.

In about a couple of hours, a knock at the chamber door called Gertrude to it: it was one of the Baron's servants, who put into her hand a letter for Rosalind, and departed. The paper contained these words.

“Rosalind, you have this evening so far despised my authority, that it becomes a justice in me to myself to exert its power over you; prepare yourself, therefore, to become the wife of Lord Rufus de Madginecourt, on the fifth day from the present one.—Your father affectionately, if you merit his love,

“DE MOWBRAY.”

The

The paper fell from the hands of Rosalind, and she sunk down upon the bed. Tears would no longer come to her relief: the iniquity, the cruelty of her father's conduct, froze them in their source. To her his nature appeared entirely altered since the arrival of Lord Rufus; but such was not the case: his nature was the same as it ever had been—kind, where it did not interfere with his views to be so; relentless, where his firmness was to produce him the completion of any desired plan. An instance of this nature had never yet occurred, in which Rosalind had been concerned; thus she believed that part of his character, which accident had not yet made her acquainted with, newly assumed.

In a short time, she recovered herself sufficiently to send Gertrude to her father, to request his presence in her chamber. Gertrude returned, and brought her intelligence that he was engaged with his guests, and could not leave them.

Rosalind

Rosalind could not thus calmly bear a refusal to her petition, and taking up her pen, she wrote to him, requesting that as he would not indulge her by visiting her himself, to inform Lord Rufus that it was her wish to see him.

She dispatched her note, and after some time Gertrude returned again, with information that Lord Rufus was, like himself, engaged, and could not be interrupted.

Rosalind believed that her father had not communicated her request to Lord Rufus, and in this supposition Gertrude confirmed her.

“My die is then irrevocably cast!” she cried. “A father dooms his only child to be the victim of his pride, drags her to the altar, a living sacrifice to his ambition, and blasphemes the blessing which he there bestows on her, by fixing an everlasting thorn in her heart! Oh, heavenly powers, will you suffer such cruelty to pass without redress?”

“Ah,

" Ah, my Lady," said Gertrude, " I never saw the happiness of poverty before; but it strikes me now, that my humble situation in life is a much happier one than your's: for as my father is only a poor delver, and I have nothing more to expect from him than the life he has given me, if he were to be as cruel to me as the Baron is to you, and would not let me marry the man my heart was set upon, it would be no loss to me to run away from him, and please myself; but if you were to do so, what a great fortune of riches you might lose by such a step! and I suppose indeed, that keeps you from it."

" Oh, that there were time allowed me to ask the intercession of my godmother, my queen!" exclaimed Rosalind.

" But there is not half time enough for that," returned Gertrude: " five days are not enough for a man to get to London in, let alone the coming back besides."

" I will

"I will not become the wife of Lord Rufus," said Rosalind, "except force compels me to it!"

"And Mr. Edward has not been to the castle for a week and more: he is always at the new tower in the village now. What a thing it is of him to be absent at this time! surely, my Lady, it would but be right to let him know what is going forward?"

"Not for me, Gertrude: it would not indeed," replied Rosalind. "Is that a step," she added, with a smile, "that you would take, were you in my situation?"

"That I am sure I would, my Lady," returned Gertrude; "and I can't see the indelicacy, begging pardon, of a lady's doing it, any more than a poor girl like me. If you did not love him, you would not marry him; and if you do love him well enough to marry him, why not accept the same service from him, as if he were your husband already?"

"But

" But I have promised my father not to think of Edward in the light of a husband, if he will not urge me to accept Lord Rufus as one."

" But he does urge you, you see, my dear Lady ; and I am sure his brow looked as stern as a lion's, when I carried your note to him," answered Gertrude.

A pause ensued.

Gertrude broke it.—" What a pity it is Mr. Edward is not here to give you advice, my Lady !"

" On no account send to him," replied Rosalind ; " for while you imagine that such a step might give me relief, it would in reality only add to my unhappiness. It is enough for me to meet Lord William's scorn myself : let him continue where he is, and avoid it."

The clock now struck eleven, and Rosalind dismissed her attendant. Conscious that sleep would not visit her pillow that night, she continued wandering about her chamber, till another hour had
passed

passed away. She had not been long alone before she conceived an inclination (it was one of those which hearts overburdened with grief cannot explain, yet find imaginary comfort in) to visit her mother's grave that night, and spend some time by it. When the midnight hour had sounded, she opened the door of her chamber, and stepped into the gallery, to listen whether all the family were retired to rest. Not the sound of a single footstep pacing the marble hall, or lofty passages, met her ear—not the faint flickering of a dying lamp caught her eye.

With a light in her hand, she moved cautiously forward, treading gently, lest she should herself be overheard. Arrived at the top of the great staircase, she paused: the sounds which she had that night heard in the cedar-chamber, recurred to her memory, and, in spite of her fortitude, a cold chill ran through her veins. She resolved to rally her strength of mind, and the most potent
medicine

medicine which presented itself for its revival, was the conviction, that whether it were the voice of a human being, or of supernatural agency, which had that night been heard by her, it was a voice friendly to herself.

She descended the stairs, and crossed the marble hall, in the immense space of which, the single lamp which she bore in her hand appeared a speck of light quivering in an universe of gloom, impenetrable to her sight. Hasty were her steps, till she had reached the vaulted passages on its opposite side; and here the shutting of a distant door struck upon her heart, and suspended her respiration.

She was approaching towards the apartments which Lord Rufus inhabited in the castle, and the recollection of her having seen him abroad, at the early hour in the morning which she had once done, led her to imagine that circumstances might again bring him from his chamber on this night,

night, and that it might be the sound of his door she had now heard.

She shaded her lamp in the folds of her dress, and looked around to discover if a light was any where visible : darkness and silence prevailed on all sides, and she ventured to proceed. With the swiftness of an antelope, she flew through the corridor into which opened the door of Lord Rufus's dressing-room. She had now nothing to fear from any part of the family; the succeeding passages which led to the chapel, were unconnected with the inhabited part of the castle, and seldom resorted to, except on the Sunday. She reached the chapel without interruption. She looked around her; for the most courageous wish to be certain that no danger lurks near them; and having assured herself that she was alone, she placed her lamp in a niche of the wall, at a short distance from the tomb of her parent, and then sunk upon the cold
marble

marble that enclosed her form. Her tears now came to her relief, and, in fervent prayer, she began to regain her composure of mind.

A shrill but distant whistle awakened her from her meditations and devotion. She started up, and took her lamp in her hand. The whistle was repeated. It sounded from a narrow passage, leading into one of the aisles of the chapel, which wound into vaults and cells now in disuse, since the main building had been converted from a religious purpose into its present state; and which, she believed, opened upon the northern rampart.

Fear seized her: the sound predicted the approach of some human being, and she knew not whom or what to suppose it: if she fled, her lamp might discover her retreat; if she put it out, she despaired of retracing her way to the marble hall. In this dilemma, her heart beating high within her breast, she was standing, lost in irresolution, when she heard the
fall

fall of approaching footsteps. Excessive terror urged her: the idea of self-preservation for the moment alone filled her mind, and, blowing out her lamp, she stationed herself behind a massy pillar, where she hoped to escape observation. Scarcely was her lamp extinguished, before some animate being ran against her, with a violence that almost threw her down, and at the same instant a cold and clammy substance was pressed against the back of her hand: all her courage forsook her; she shrieked and fainted!

The sounds of—"Rosalind—dearest Rosalind! 'tis I—'tis Edward!" recalled her into life; and she found that it was indeed Edward who supported her in his arms!

"Rosalind," he said, "how is this? Why do I see you here at this hour of the night?"

"I have been at prayer by my mother's grave," replied Rosalind. "Oh, Edward, how little did I imagine that it was
you,

you, by the sound of whose steps I was so much alarmed!—But you were not alone; it could not have been you who ran against me, when I stood behind the pillar?”

“ I have a friend with me,” replied Edward; “ but he was by my side when I heard your shrieks, and flying to your assistance, found you lifeless on the ground.”

Rosalind turned to observe the friend of whom he spoke, and recognised in him the countenance of the so-called *surly* Hubert.

“ I beg your pardon, Lady,” said Hubert, “ not for myself, but for my dog, who I am sure would ask it for himself of you, if he were able; for he it was, no doubt, that created you the alarm of which you have just been speaking.”

Hubert was standing at some distance from Edward, and, by his side, was a large mastiff, which fixed its eyes on Rosalind,

salind, and seemed to be wagging its tail in approbation of its master's apology.

This dog was the same which had attracted Hubert's compassion, when a cur, on the ramparts, the first day of Edward's introduction to him; and which, pitying for its poverty, he had since bought of its master, and attached to himself:—the dog's name was Lion.

Convinced, at the sight of the dog, that it had been his cold nose which had touched the back of her hand, Rosalind could scarcely forbear a smile at her late alarm; and being now relieved from the terror that had before filled her mind, her thoughts wandered into another channel, and she returned to Edward the question which he had before advanced to her—
“How is it that I meet you here?”

Hubert's eye caught that of Edward, and he retired to a greater distance.

When he was out of hearing, Edward spoke thus—“I have all this evening
been

been watching for an opportunity of seeing you. I knew this to be the day on which your answer to the proposals of Lord Rufus was expected, and——”

“ You were then acquainted with the month which was given me for consideration?” interrupted Rosalind.

“ Oh yes—yes,” returned Edward. “ Nothing has passed during that time in the castle, with which I have not taken means to gain acquaintance, though I have been seen but little in it : but knowing the decision you were to give this day, I could not forbear making an attempt to see you.”

“ But why enter the castle by those dismal vaults?” asked Rosalind.

“ Because I must not be seen in it,” he returned. “ The Baron has commanded me not to leave the tower in the village for an instant, on pain of his most violent displeasure. I see the motive of his command, and although I endeavour to preserve the appearance of obeying

it, my heart will revolt from such discipline, and lead me hither by stealth."

The tears burst from the eyes of Rosalind; and Edward held her to his breast for some moments in silence.

Edward spoke first.—"Hubert is my sincere friend; gratitude for kindness I have shewn him, has bound him to me; he admitted me by the entrance from these vaults, which opens upon the ramparts, some hours ago, and I remained here, whilst he sought an opportunity of informing you that I was waiting to see you; but, alas! he sought you in vain; you were not in your chamber, but in conference elsewhere with your father."

"Oh, that was a dreadful hour!" said Rosalind.

"At eight o'clock I was obliged to depart, to place the guard for the night at the tower, in order that my having been absent might not be suspected by the soldiery, amongst whom are, no doubt, spies upon me from Lord William. That done,

I pre-

I pretended to retire to rest; but with the midnight hour I again stole forth, and found my trusty friend awaiting my arrival on the rampart. Here it was my intention to have remained, whilst he proceeded to the chamber of Gertrude, and entreated her to give you information of my being here, and of my wish to see you. Guess my surprise, when I found you in the very place where I most longed to behold you, and least expected to find you."

"And this is now, perhaps," exclaimed Rosalind, "our last meeting; I have but four days yet to call my own; the fifth gives me to wretchedness, and to De Mad-ginecourt."

"Is it thus decreed?" cried Edward.

"Oh God! Oh Rosalind! that I were any thing but what I am!—an unknown!—and I would swear the sun should never rise upon that deed."

"Vain were the oath, my Edward," returned Rosalind; "vain all that you

or I can do to save me! What can avail our words, our prayers, with hearts steeled against pity, like my father's?"

"I would not use either," returned Edward; "prayers with the cruel are but edges to their resolution, and sharpen their vengeance to cut the deeper. If I loved thee less than I do, Rosalind, I could save thee, sweet!"

"What mean you by this riddle?" asked Rosalind. "How am I to understand that you love me too well to strive for my happiness?"

"Did I not value you too dearly, to lower you a feather's weight in fortune's scale, I might say, give your hand to a dependant, and be the name of wife your security against an unjust father's persecution!"

"Oh Edward" cried Rosalind, "you speak of impracticable chimeras; were I willing to throw myself into your arms, you know, the priest could not be found who would join the hand of De Mowbray's daughter

daughter in marriage, without his sanction and especial command."

Edward struck his hand with violence against his forehead, and turning his face aside from Rosalind, stood wrapt in thought. He saw the force of her remark, Wedded they could not be. At tempting her to fly with him, without the name which could alone disunite indelicacy from the act, he recoiled. Convinced also was he, that in this point all argument would have been lost upon her, had his heart even leant to the means;—thus, to become the wife of Lord Rufus appeared her inevitable fate!

"In spite of my father," said Rosalind, "I will see Lord Rufus to-morrow—I will set before him my aversion to an alliance with him—I will implore his mercy. If he has a heart, he will not surely join with a father in an act of cruelty against his child."

To this resolution Edward returned only a sigh of despair.

Now swiftly fly the hours which lovers steal to interchange their pleasing griefs! Scarcely had it appeared to either a minute since they had met; and the envious clock now striking three, warned Edward that ere the expiration of another hour, he must be in the village at the post of glory.

Hubert advanced, and told him that it was necessary for him to depart.

"Promise me," said Edward, "that you will be here to-morrow at midnight, and inform me of the success of your interview with Lord Rufus."

"I will indeed be here, Edward," she replied; and with a silent embrace, whose eloquence was most expressive, they parted.

CHAP. XIII.

There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cry'd murder!
That they did wake each other. I stood and heard them.

MACEETH.

CAUTIOUSLY Rosalind retraced her steps through the vaulted passages, scarcely allowing herself to breathe, lest any sound which threatened a discovery of her nightly visit might escape her hearing. A footstep alarmed her, but it was only that of a sentinel on the ramparts, which sounded through a grated window in the lofty passage. A few minutes after, she heard the guard relieved, and now she

M 4

trembled,

trembled, lest they should by any means discover Edward in his retreat from the castle. She paused a few moments; all became hushed again, and she went on.

Arrived at a flight of steps, which led into the corridor upon which opened the first of the suite of apartments occupied by Lord Rufus, a chill of fear again pervaded her frame; she could not forget her having seen him abroad at the early hour she had once done; and she could not conquer her alarm lest he should be again returning to his chamber, or leaving it, just as she might happen to pass the door.

At the distance of a few paces from it, she stopped to assure herself that all was quiet; she listened—all was still; and she was on the point of proceeding, when a wild laugh burst on her ear, accompanied by a blow, which seemed to strike the floor of the room, and resembled the noise of some one falling with great violence. Her every nerve trembled, and she could scarcely hold the lamp in her hand; a momentary silence ensued, and
she

she then heard a voice, which it was impossible not to recognise for that of Lord Rufus, exclaiming—"Die she must—if she will not kill herself, I must do it for her!—it is but one stab, and all is over!" The terror of Rosalind was wound to a pitch of such excess, that it was with difficulty she could forbear calling out; her knees seemed bending under her, she fell against the wall, and with difficulty kept herself from sinking to the ground.

A soft voice within the chamber spoke next—"My Lord, my dear Lord, pray come to bed again!" it said.

"There, there!" exclaimed Lord Rufus, "'tis done! 'tis done!—nobody knows it, and I am myself again!"

"My Lord! awake, my Lord! pray awake!" rejoined the other voice.

A momentary pause was followed by a deep groan. De Madginecourt then said, in a softened tone—"Oh, Alwin, my boy, these nights are dreadful—dreadful! I must have air."

Rosalind now imagined that their steps were moving towards the door, and exerting all her remaining strength, she fled towards the great hall; here the beating of her heart was so violent, that she was again apprehensive of sinking, and clung to one of the marble pillars for support; she, however, heard no pursuing step, and from this circumstance, she derived such comfort as, in a short time, regained her sufficient strength to bear her to her chamber.

She threw herself into a chair, her brain bewildered with such a chaos of ideas, that it was for some time incapable of reflection. Of whom, she enquired of herself, could it be that Lord Rufus had spoken in his sleep? *Was* he a murderer, or did he intend to *become* one? Of the crime she decided him equally guilty, whether it were already perpetrated, or only planned; and this knowledge put the seal to her determination of never becoming his
wife—

wife—avoid the dreaded ceremony how she might.

She had told Edward, that it was her intention to request an interview with Lord Rufus, for the purpose of setting before him the injustice of which he was guilty towards her, by suffering a father to treat his daughter with the cruelty to which she was now subject on his account; but, aware that the heart which is capable of executing or commanding the death of a fellow-being, must be callous to the voice of suffering, she now resolved not to see him, if even he should himself request admittance to her presence, in consequence of the note which she had on the preceding evening sent to her father.

To him she felt no hesitation in determining not to impart what she had that night overheard in De Madginecourt's apartment; blinded as he was by prejudice, he would, beyond all doubt, accuse her of having fabricated a tale to the injury of him with whom she wished to avoid

an alliance; and her want of a sufficient reason for having passed his door at that hour in the morning, would give colour to the very imputation he would wish to put upon it. Once she believed it possible that effective means might be taken for frightening the truth out of the page Alwin; but she considered that as he was the only domestic allowed to sleep near his Lord, and this she knew to be the case, he was doubtless well instructed in replies to any questions which might be put to him; and even if that were not the case, without her father's assistance, which she was certain of not having, she was not possessed of the power of obtaining the desired explanation from his lips.

She resolved not to quit her chamber that day, but to see Edward again at the hour she had promised to meet him in the chapel, and be guided by his advice.

At dinner the Baron sent to request her presence in the hall. She replied to the invitation, that she was unwell, and begged

ged for the indulgence of remaining in her own apartment.

Rosalind had not tasted repose on the preceding night, and in the evening she laid herself upon her couch, hoping to sleep awhile, and gain strength for the ensuing night, which would be passed in waking. She had not been long reclined when a rap at the door called Gertrude to open it; and on the outside she found Alwin. He was come, in the name of Lord Rufus, to enquire after her health, and to request permission to visit her.

She returned in reply, that she was too much indisposed to admit a visitor; and Alwin departed with his message.

“What a proud, saucy urchin that Alwin is!” said Gertrude, as she shut the door upon him; “he gives himself more airs than any of his Lord’s attendants besides, or all of them put together I may say; and I wonder what for, for my part.”

Rosalind did *not* wonder, but listened
atten-

attentively to hear whether Gertrude knew more.

“The little fool is as proud as a horse, to-day,” Gertrude went on, “of a fine diamond button his Lord gave him this morning to loop up his hat with. I am sure he has luck on his side; and indeed the proverb seems made out with him, that it is better to be born with good luck than good fortune; for they say it is not to be believed how fond Lord Rufus is of that boy, and what a number of handsome presents he is always making him.”

The reason was plain to Rosalind, but she made no comments on Gertrude's observations, and, in a short time, fell into a slumber, which was attended with distressing dreams, and from which she awoke about two hours before midnight, unrefreshed.

At her accustomed time of retiring to rest, she dismissed her attendant; and when her hour of appointment with Edward

ward was come, and she believed all the inhabitants of the castle to be locked in sleep, she left her chamber, sighing that the cruelty of a father should drive his only child to steal through his mansion like a midnight plunderer, for a moment's repose on a heart of friendship.

With all the fears that had attended her on the preceding evening, she again moved cautiously along, shuddering as she passed the door of Lord Rufus's apartment; but safety guided her footsteps into the chapel. She had not left her chamber till the hour had sounded twelve; thus she found Edward ready to receive her.

"Heaven bless you, my dearest Rosalind," he exclaimed, pressing her to his heart.

"It has protected me through dreadful terrors since I beheld you last," she returned; and then related to him the occurrences of the preceding morning, in her return to her chamber.

Edward's opinion was, like her own,
that

that any appeal to the humanity of the Baron, upon the plea of what she had heard Lord Rufus utter within his chamber, would be without effect. How then was she to escape the hated fate that awaited her?

“Oh Heaven!” exclaimed she, “thou alone hast power to interpose, and save me from the dreadful sacrifice of my eternal peace!”

“Heaven has presented us the means,” returned Edward: “it rests alone with my Rosalind to accept or to refuse them.”

“What are they?” asked Rosalind.

“Not for your rank—not for your inheritance, which, by the step I shall propose, becomes uncertain to you; but for yourself alone, to rescue you from misery, I will now ask whether Rosalind will become the wife of the humble Edward?”

“You know,” replied Rosalind, “that were my mind prepared for this step, our union is impossible.”

“No—no, it is not impossible!” exclaimed

claimed Edward. "I have, at this moment, a friend within call, who is willing to unite us by the most sacred bonds of religion."

"Who can he be," asked Rosalind, "that dares thus to hazard Lord de Mowbray's displeasure?"

"One," replied Edward, "whom ill fortune has sunk into necessity: he is a priest, of the Catholic persuasion, who, driven by the laws of our present sovereign from the exercise of his office, lives in obscurity, in the neighbouring village. Want presses upon the poor old man, and he has consented, for the reward I have promised him, to unite us by the ceremony of our own church."

A silence ensued. Edward broke it. — "Will not my Rosalind," he said, "consent to save herself from the horrors of a forced marriage?"

"I shudder," returned Rosalind, "to assent to a deed, on which I know a father's curse will fall!"



"Is

"Is it not his cruelty, in attempting to fix a curse for life on you, that drives you to it?" returned Edward; "and have you not, my Rosalind, the consent of the parent whom you most value, to my becoming her son? Look at this cross," continued he, producing it as he spoke, "the legacy of her deathbed to me: is it not inscribed to Edward, *as a mother's gift?* She had herself been torn from the heart of her affections, and did she not confess her apprehension of the same fate awaiting her daughter, when she implored your father to give you to the man of your heart?"

"Oh that she had lived, to have received his promise to that effect!" exclaimed Rosalind. "How much agony might have thus been spared to her child! Oh that she were now alive, to give her sanction to our union!"

"It is already given: she *has* called me *her son*," said Edward.

The tears flowed swiftly from the eyes
of

of the trembling Rosalind, and as Edward supported her agitated frame in his arms, he continued to whisper his entreaties for her happiness into her ear. But three days were yet her own, before the hated De Madginécourt was destined to become the master of her person. Edward urged, that he might be prevented from meeting her again, before the dreaded time arrived—that the priest might refuse again to accompany him. Hubert appeared in view, at a distant part of the chapel. Edward called to him, and directed him to bid the priest advance to the altar.

“ Oh, Edward—Edward !” faintly articulated Rosalind, and hid her face on his neck.

“ May Heaven desert me,” exclaimed the youth, “ when your happiness ceases to be my first, and only care !”

Slowly he led her towards the altar. The priest, a venerable aged man, stood forth. Her tears ceased to flow: she
almost

almost ceased to breathe. The ceremony was read ; and Rosalind was a—WIFE !

Edward extended his arms to bestow the first embrace of a husband ; and Rosalind sunk senseless into them.

Some time elapsed, ere she again awoke to sense, and it was then only to give vent to her tears. Scarcely able to move, she leaned upon Edward, and he conducted her to her chamber.

With the early morning it again became Edward's duty to return to the tower in the village, and he was constrained to leave Rosalind overwhelmed with tears, with his vows of tenderness, and promise of meeting her on the succeeding midnight, for her only solace.

Dreadful became the reflections of Rosalind, when left to the solitude of her own chamber. — Edward — her beloved Edward, she now feared would be made the victim of the Baron's revenge, for having been the means of rescuing her from becoming the sacrifice of his pride :
the

the idea almost maddened her, and she now wished that her hand were her own to bestow on Lord Rufus, that the act might save him she loved from her father's anger.

The day crept slowly on with Rosalind : Gertrude was her only companion. In the afternoon, she felt an unconquerable desire to visit the cedar-chamber ; she wished to see her mother's portrait, and almost to ask it whether it approved the step she had taken. Accordingly whilst Gertrude was at dinner, she repaired to the apartment where her parent had died. Arrived at the door, she endeavoured to enter ; but the lock resisted her efforts, and she was obliged to return disappointed towards her own chamber.

Lord de Mowbray, she concluded, had caused it to be shut up, in consequence of the alarm he had received there, on the night she had been in conference with him in that apartment. As she returned slowly through the gallery, her thoughts
resting

resting on the mystery of the voice which she had on that evening heard in the cedar-chamber, looking towards her own apartment, she could just distinguish (for the evening was coming on, and the light, admitted through the long and narrow casements of the gallery, feeble) the figure of a man gliding into it.

Supposing it either her father or Lord Rufus, she stopped, as she felt a reluctance to encounter either of them; and she continued wandering near the head of the great staircase, in anxious expectation of Gertrude's return from dinner.

Presently she heard the wards of a lock creak, in the opposite gallery to that in which was her chamber. She turned her head to the sound, and saw the face and arm of a man thrust out of the door of the cedar-chamber. She thought he beckoned to her; but at the same instant a step was heard in the distant part of the gallery, and he drew in his head again hastily, and shut the door:—the

step was Gertrude's, who appeared with a light in her hand.

Rosalind directly retired with her attendant to her chamber: no one was in it. She framed an excuse for going into her closet, and thence into the chamber where Gertrude slept. No one was to be seen, nor were there any marks of any one having been there. The circumstance rested on the mind of Rosalind: as she had not seen the figure return, she feared there might be some secret outlet from her chamber, with which she was unacquainted, but which might be known to Lord Rufus, and of which he might take advantage for visiting her, in opposition to her wish of not seeing him. No one but her father, she could suppose it, who had opened the door of the cedar-chamber; and if it had been he whom she had seen there, she was as much puzzled to guess why he should have visited it, as she would have been to have decided how any one else could have gained admittance

admittance into it; at all events, she concluded that she must have been deceived in supposing the figure, whoever it was, to have beckoned to her.

The most soothing balm which a mind bending under the burden of anxiety can taste, is to repose its sorrows in a kind and sympathizing heart, though it be a heart gifted with neither profound sense, nor eloquent arguments, for our consolation: the tear with which it meets our's, renders it of inestimable value to our feelings.

This sensation did Rosalind experience, when she reposed the history of her sorrows, and the confession of her marriage, in the breast of the artless Gertrude, from whose tender sensibility, and unaffected sympathy, she derived a most consolatory relief.

With the sounding of the midnight hour, Rosalind opened her chamber door, and anxiously awaited the coming of Edward. Time passed on, and no approaching

proaching step cheered her listening ear. She left her chamber, and wandered towards the grand staircase, leading into the hall. All was silent. She knew not what to imagine, nor what to fear: she dreaded lest he had been discovered in leaving his post, or in entering the castle; still she hoped he was safe, and only delayed by some unforeseen circumstance. The clock struck one. Anxiety became too powerful to be borne. She supposed that she might have mistaken his words, when she had understood that he would come to her apartment, and that he might now be expecting her arrival in the chapel, as on the two preceding nights. Impressed with this idea, she delayed not a moment to proceed towards it: too wretched to be shaken from her purpose, by any of those alarms which had before agitated her mind, she was now experiencing terror for the safety of a husband.

Arrived in the chapel, no friendly

voice welcomed her approach—no cheering lamp blazed in the niche, where his before had held its station: all was silence and darkness. She moved towards the passage which led to the vaults opening upon the ramparts: extending into it the arm which bore her lamp, she looked anxiously forward; but void alone met her eye. Still she hoped he would come, although it was now evident something had occurred to detain him beyond his promised time.

She seated herself on the steps of the altar—of that altar at which the sentence of her future life had so lately been pronounced, past all recall. The clock struck two, and still he came not. Another hour was lingered out by her in anxious expectation. Again the clock sounded, and no Edward was arrived. The twilight of the morning would now soon be breaking through the dark clouds of night: she durst no longer be absent from her chamber; and, in a paroxysm
of

of heart-broken sadness, she returned to it, and threw herself upon her disconsolate bed.

In the morning the Baron de Mowbray entered her apartment: a smile of triumph was painted on his countenance, beneath which she foresaw some evil to herself to be lurking.

"I know," he said, "that it will give my Rosalind pleasure to be informed of the promotion and honour of her friend and favourite; I am, therefore, myself the first to inform her that Edward is appointed to the command of a regiment, which forms a part of the troops our queen is about to send into Flanders."

Rosalind would have spoken, but her efforts to articulate were ineffectual.

"The nature of the times presses for hasty steps," the Baron went on: "he had but a few hours to prepare for his departure. He commenced his journey to the coast, whence he is to embark, yesterday."

"Gone!" exclaimed Rosalind—"Gone without seeing me!"

"You informed me yesterday, by your servant," returned the Baron, "that you were too unwell to admit visitors, when Lord Rufus and myself made the enquiry. This I told him, and promised to bear you his apology."

"Apology, my Lord!" cried Rosalind.—"Pardon me; but I cannot be deceived into a belief that Edward was content to send me an apology, instead of a farewell from his own lips; nor can I credit that it was his voluntary act to leave me at this important moment. You have driven him hence, that his presence might be no impediment to my accepting the hand of Lord Rufus. But know, my Lord, that if I never see him more, he has left an impression on my heart which will prove a breast-plate of steel to guard me from that monster's arms."

"It is well that you are thus provided with

with a champion in his absence," returned Lord William, with a satirical sneer: "and what may be this mighty talisman that forms the armour which you vaunt of—is it love?"

"Pure as the source from whence our affection flows," replied Rosalind, "it is a safeguard to the breast that nourishes it; for it teaches that breast to preserve its own honour, for the sake of that heart's honour with which it is united."

"Love, with all its enchantment," answered the Baron, "is not always strong enough to draw a magic circle of security round the heart it inhabits."

"Because the violator of such enchantment," rejoined Rosalind, "employs such wicked arts to break the spell, as love is too innocent to have devised for its formation; still, when too grossly aggravated, and too cruelly beset, it has a tower of safety to retire to, where it as-

sumes a name on which even few ravishers, monstrous as Lord Rufus, dare intrude."

"You seem well schooled in arguments to back your weak prejudices," answered Lord William; "think you you should be as great an adept in their practice?"

"The most harmless reptile, my Lord," replied Rosalind, "may be stung by an envenoming serpent, till, by a sudden effort of desperate strength, it shall rise, and free itself from the tyranny of its oppressor. Such do I consider myself;—trodden upon by the joint persecution of yourself and Lord Rufus, I have turned, and asserted my freedom."

"Aye, your freedom!" echoed Lord William—"Are you sure of that?"

"My release from an alliance with Lord Rufus, is for me liberty enough," answered Rosalind.

"And what charm has ensured you
this

this release?" asked the Baron, half laughing.

"By assuming that name which had made *him* my tyrant," answered Rosalind, "the name of *wife*."

A silence of some minutes ensued. The eyes of Lord William flashed fire: those of Rosalind were sunk, and fixed upon the ground. The blood which had, on the first sound of *wife*, fled from the cheeks of the Baron, began again gradually to return to them, and he exclaimed, in a tone of mingled doubt and passion—"This is a trial of falsehood to deceive me; but it will not pass."

"It is no trial," returned Rosalind, the words faltering on her tongue, "but the last effort of a motherless child, to ensure herself a protector, when cast off from the affection of her father."

"Is Edward thy husband?" roared out the Baron.

"He is—he is!" replied Rosalind.

“Is he?” exclaimed the Baron; “then may those curses which await the——”

“Oh, hold, hold—in mercy hold!” interrupted Rosalind; “he is now *your son!*”

A groan of passion burst from Lord William’s lips, and, darting a look of venom at his daughter, he rushed out of the chamber.

CHAP. XIV.

There's mercy in each ray of light, that mortal eyes e'er saw ;
 There's mercy in each breath of air, that mortal lips e'er draw ;
 There's mercy both for bird and beast, in God's indulgent plan ;
 There's mercy for each creeping thing—but *man has none for*
man !

M. G. LEWIS.

THE miseries of the unfortunate Rosalind appeared now to be wound to their most poignant acme ; and she even thought that she should have experienced less wretchedness as the wife of Lord Rufus, than she now felt in the belief that Edward had been driven from England on her account ; and as she considered the indignation which her father would bear against him, now he had learnt

that the union which he had dreaded had been effected.

Edward was torn from her—perhaps forever. She endeavoured to pray, but her mind was too much agitated for the office, and she flung herself into a chair, scarcely able to encounter the light of day.

In the evening, Lord William again appeared in her apartment. In the most solemn manner, he commanded her to confess to him, by the hopes she entertained of her soul's felicity, whether or not she was the wife of Edward. His tone struck terror to her heart, and sinking at his feet, she implored his pity and forgiveness; but the tempest of his impassioned mind was too wild to allow him either to feel for her distress, or attend to her justification of herself; and uttering dreadful menaces against her disobedience and Edward's temerity, he left her.

On the following morning, Rosalind was proceeding to the door which led from her closet upon the rampart; Gertrude hastily followed her, and with a tear starting

ing in her eye, she said—"Alas, my Lady, grieved am I that I am compelled to tell you such unpleasant tidings—but you cannot pass that door; the key is taken from us; you are the prisoner of these apartments; it was your father's command that you should be confined to them quite alone; but I implored not to be taken from you; and as I promised solemnly not to let you out of them, the Baron gave me leave to stay with you. I hope you are not angry that I accorded to such conditions, rather than leave you alone; indeed, it was my love for you, my dear Lady, that impelled me to do it."

"Am I then a prisoner in my own father's mansion?" said Rosalind—"denied the common air, which Nature allows to the guilty as profusely as to the good? and am I deprived its blessing, because I am unfortunate? Oh, Gertrude! kind girl! thou art now the only solace of my afflicted heart!"

"I will be as far as I can, my Lady," returned Gertrude; "and when I am defi-

cient in consoling you, you must attribute it to my want of power, and not my lack of will, for, indeed, I love you dearly; you are the kindest and best, as well as the most injured lady; and let all the world turn their backs upon you, Gertrude will do all in her power to serve you."

Thus spoke the honest-hearted Gertrude, whose sentiments would have shamed the noble inhabitants of De Mowbray Castle, had they seen through any sense but that of prejudice; and truly did she act up to her declaration, in her endeavours to rob the hours of her mistress's imprisonment of their heaviness, by her prattle and attentions; but still they crept on with painful slowness. No tidings could she gain of Edward; not a breath could Gertrude ever gather of his fate, in her conversation with the other domestics of the castle. Sometimes Rosalind was inclined to believe that her father had forbidden them to mention, in Gertrude's hearing, any intelligence which might have been received of him, wishing to deprive her

ever

even of the solace of having his name repeated to her by her attendant; but in this point Gertrude's uncle, Ambrose, who was, in fact, the friend of Rosalind in his heart, declared her mistaken, as he was certain that whatever his Lord might know of Edward's fate himself, it had never transpired from his lips to any one in the castle.

Lord Rufus departed on the second day after the discovery of Rosalind's marriage had been made to her father; but whither he was gone, Gertrude heard not.

From this time five months had passed away, during which Rosalind continued a prisoner in her chamber, and saw no human being but her faithful attendant. Her father, so far from visiting her, never enquired after her at all; he concluded that she was alive, or that her death would have been reported to him; for her happiness or health, it was evident, from his commands respecting her imprisonment, that he cared not—nay, it was often a doubt even to himself, whether he did not wish her dead, rather than the wife of Edward.

ward. It was true, he conceived—for even disappointed men, like Lord William, endeavour, in their own breasts, privately to extract some good from the most hated circumstances—that it was possible Edward was her equal in rank; the word “noble” had escaped the lips of him who had called himself his grandfather on his death-bed, and been spoken in reference to the youth; but whether of his birth, or his mind, it had at the time been a point of doubt with him, and was so still. If noble by birth, of whom was he the heir? and why had he been thus obscured in the early years of his life? On this he had often reflected, and found himself now as little able as ever to solve the enigma; the chances, he feared, were greatly in favour of his being only the simple Edward, the grandson of the plain old Matthews; and, upon this fear, he could not bring himself to bend to the necessity of the occasion, by acknowledging him as the husband of his daughter, but was resolved to keep their union a secret for ever, unless such a proof

as he wished for, of his equality to his daughter's rank, should ever appear in his favour: it is also true, that he might have procured him to be declared the heir to his own title and estates; but this was poison to his pride, in his idea, hugging a serpent to his bosom, which had been nursed into presumption by the weakness of a headstrong girl, who had defeated all his plans of aggrandizement; and he made a vow within his own heart, never to perform that lenient act towards those by whom he conceived his dignity and authority to have been so grossly and contemptuously insulted.

His days were passed in superintending the military concerns which were transacting at his castle, and repelling the incursions of the borderers, by sending out detached parties to route them from their holds, in which skirmishes his men, from the advantage which they possessed in having been more regularly trained to arms than the freebooters had an opportunity of being, were usually successful.

His leisure hours were passed in disturbed reflections with his own mind, during which he generally wandered about the ramparts, or paced the marble hall of the castle. Irwin was always the companion of his meals; and sometimes he added to the society of the table his other leaders.

Wretched and more wretched as the days crept on, and no intelligence could be gained by her of the fate of her husband, Rosalind conceived the idea of addressing a petition to her Sovereign, requesting her intercession with her father, and explaining to her the full history of her unfortunate situation; but she found, by the means of Gertrude, whom she directed to make enquiry to that purpose, that the Baron's strict injunctions had been issued to every individual in the castle, not to receive any letter from his daughter for delivery out of it, without first bringing it to him for inspection; she still for a while believed that some inferior domestic might be won by a bribe to convey it for her into a proper channel
for

for reaching the Queen; but overawed by the dread of what cruelties her father might inflict on her, should her emissary be tempted to treachery by the hope of meeting a second reward at the hand of Lord William, she desisted from her design.

Great as Rosalind had already, and justly too, believed her portion of woe, the period was now come, which brought with it a discovery that gave its keenest edge to the sharp tooth of misery which preyed upon her heart. This discovery was that of her being destined to become a mother!

Incessantly did the tears of Rosalind now flow. Unfortunate babe! she would exclaim, who hast not yet beheld the light, to how bitter a portion of sorrow mayest thou not be born!—no father to welcome thy entrance into life!—a grand-sire, cruel to thy parents, who will perhaps revenge on thy innocent head, the crimes of which he thinks them guilty, a mother worn down by affliction, who will cradle thee on a breast of anguish; and when thou lookest up to her for a smile of joy, will check thy

thy fondness with the tears that fall for thy unhappy birth! Oh God! thou hast still mercy to bestow, and art, perhaps, most merciful, when thou withholdest it from the mother, to bless her doubly in bestowing it upon her child!

Scarcely two months were now wanting to the time at which her babe would see the light; not once had Lord William visited her, since the day on which the confession of her marriage had been made to him. Frequently since her discovery of her present situation, had she entreated to see him, but in vain; he had returned contemptuous, sometimes brutal, replies to her messages borne to him by Gertrude: still she was resolute in her desire of seeing him; with the gloom natural to her present situation and misfortunes, she had most strongly imbibed the idea that the birth of her child would be the period of her own existence; and her anxiety to see her father proceeded from her wish to recommend to his protection her yet unborn

born babe, whom she dreaded he might doom to share the neglected fate of its unfortunate parents, although it could not be otherwise than innocent of their faults.

The Baron still continued deaf to the entreaties of his daughter to visit her; and Rosalind became wretched beyond bearing, at the idea which haunted her, of dying without having recommended her infant to his protection, and having received his promise to that effect.

At length she wrote the sentiments of her harrassed brain, and putting them into the hand of Gertrude, besought her not to leave her father till she had prevailed on him to peruse them. Interested in the fate of her mistress, Gertrude implored the grant of her request, in terms which led the Baron to suppose that some extraordinary cause must exist to render her thus resolute in her entreaties; and his curiosity being thus excited, was probably the cause

cause of his receiving the letter at her hand, and breaking the seal.

Gertrude waited to see no more, but ran back with the joyful, as she believed it, intelligence to Rosalind.

The paper fell from De Mowbray's hands when he had perused its contents. He had believed that Fate had exerted all its ingenuity in tormenting him, when it had given the hand of his daughter to the unknown Edward; but he now found it subtle in its plagues beyond his belief, when he learnt that an offspring of the hated marriage was about to enter the world, and his protection implored by his daughter, as her *last* request, for the child of the man, against whom every indignant and rancorous passion of his heart was raised.

Edward, he considered, subject as he was to the fate of war, might be cut off from a return to England; his daughter might have been weaned from his memory,
and

and induced to form an alliance in a sphere suited to her birth, perhaps even with Lord Rufus de Madginecourt himself; but now a perpetuation of the act which he wished to have for ever buried in oblivion, and which he was satisfied to be little known in the world, was about to start up, and hand down to future ages what he deemed the disgrace of his family.

Rage was too cool a term for the emotion of his soul; every nerve quivered with hatred, disappointment, and dread.—The passion of pride cannot be supported without the aid of vices more heinous than itself; it is a fact which has often been asserted, and as often proved, before the days of Lord William, as since his time; his conduct serves only as another example to illucidate its truth. He resolved the babe should die!

This resolution was the event of a sleepless night, and when he arose in the morning, assuming a composure in reality foreign to his mind, he wrote to his daughter,

ter, informing her that she might rely on his protection for her child.

Rosalind kissed the paper which contained the promise, and thought her father still was kind.

On the first opportunity, Lord William took occasion of conversing apart with Mr. Wilmot, the surgeon of his household, and this conference called for the exertion of all his wariness and subtilty. The Baron knew Mr. Wilmot to be a man strongly educated in those prejudices which support the dignity of high birth, and scarcely consider even as minor sins, those alliances which infringe on family rank and honours. Thus far he knew him suited to the purpose of his present conference with him; but then, he likewise knew him to be a man of so strict principles and religion, that he would fly off from him the moment he saw him deviating but a single hair's breadth from the path of rectitude, though he was certain
of

of his utmost assistance in the support of those prejudices which corresponded with his own sentiments, while they demanded no sacrifice of honesty or honour.

Artfully then did he disclose to him the pregnancy of his daughter; and having, with equal art, brought him to confess that he thought it necessary, to the honour of his family, rather to bring up the child at a distance from the castle, than to permit it to live within its walls, as the acknowledged offspring of Edward and his daughter, he told him that he had a service to require of him, towards the forwarding of his plan, which was to pronounce the child still-born; as he feared that if the mother knew it to be alive, it would be impossible to remove it from the castle; and thus the disgrace, which he so much dreaded, would, without his consent to this proposition, be indelibly fixed on the honour of his house.

With this demand Mr. Wilmot was for some time unwilling to comply. He first demanded

demanded whither the child was to be sent? and in reply to this question, Lord William shewed him a letter, forged by himself for the purpose, which contained an agreement, and promise of secrecy, as from a farmer's wife in Westmoreland, to bring up the child as her own, on condition of receiving a yearly sum from the Baron.—“ She believes it,” said Lord William, “ a natural child of my own.”

This letter hushed Mr. Wilmot's scruples in part: his other objection was—the pain it would create to the mother when she should be told, that all the pangs she had endured were without a recompence:—but this objection, after some time, the Baron also over-ruled, by representing to Mr. Wilmot how much more in favour of her happiness it would be for her to believe her child had never existed, than to know it alive, and constantly to be desiring to see it, without the possibility of so doing, which the Baron said would undoubtedly be the case,

case, as he was resolute in never suffering it to know its parents. Upon this argument Mr. Wilmot yielded, and it was then agreed between them, that, at the time of the child's birth, Mr. Wilmot should declare it still-born; and, upon this plea, take it away from the chamber, that its sight might not affect its mother, and instantly bring it to the Baron's apartment, who would, against that time, have a confidential person in readiness to convey it without delay into Westmoreland.

Thus far all had gone well with the Baron in his plan; but that confidential person had more to perform than Mr. Wilmot guessed, and he was yet to be sought for.

Cunning is a mean quality, the surface of sense, which floats upon it, like a froth, and partakes not at all of its solids. This was the Baron's master tool; and, in the exercise of it, he believed himself keen

and sharp-sighted: it was true that he could exercise the talent, if it may be admitted to the name, with sufficient skill to make it serve his purposes; but he wanted that depth of perception which looks into character, and does not chuse improper objects for its villanous confidence—that judgment which gives security to foul deeds, as far at least as they are capable of concealment; for every crime is but for a time delayed in bringing to the light; and when the wicked seem most to prosper, they are but sinking deeper into that gulph from which they are one day to find the impossibility of emerging.

The Baron looked around his household for a countenance, which should seem the index of a heart impressive to the touch of gold, and suited to his purpose. No face appeared to him sufficiently gloomy; no lips pouted enough with discontent to tempt him into a trial of their souls.

Time

Time was creeping on, and yet no minister for his dark plot was found. One evening he had strayed to the village, and was returning thence in the dusky hour of twilight; in passing the newly-erected tower, he hailed the sentinel, and the voice that replied to him was that of Hubert.

CHAP. XV.

If the midnight bell

Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one, unto the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or, if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;
Or, if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone—
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.

KING JOHN.

THE Baron moved on slowly towards his own castle—Hubert, the subject of his thoughts.

Those

Those who have not the skill of searching deeply into characters, are always much biassed by the name a man bears in the world. Hubert had acquired the name of "*surly*." On this the Baron reflected; and from the sternness of his countenance, doubted not but the epithet was a just one. He remembered the day when he had refused Edward's bounty, on the walls of the castle, while yet a boy, with a moroseness which had indicated a sourness of temper, and a spirit of dissatisfaction, at his indigent lot. Many trivial circumstances Lord William called to mind; to prove to him that his temper was not softened into greater complacency, since his situation had become ameliorated by his entering into the troops of De Mowbray Castle. For this sternness of temper, he could himself see no reason, but that of a bad heart: he thought it impossible for a man to be dissatisfied with the inferiority of his situation, and not at the same time to be

capable of any crime which would amend it. Thus knowing Hubert's bluntness of temper great as ever, he conceived him to be the very man whom gold could tempt, and whom remorse would never goad.

Thus agreed with his own mind, he resolved to enter into conversation with him on the next night of his being stationed as sentinel on the same post where he had that evening seen him, and which would happen on the eighth day from the present time.

The expected evening being arrived, the Baron sallied forth at the proper hour for seeing Hubert. The evening was bleak, the rain fell from the skies, and the north-east wind poured its sharpness over the heath, which skirted the village. The gloominess of the evening rendered the approach of night apparently more sudden than usual, and when the Baron reached the watch-tower, substances, but not features, were any longer discernible.

The

The quick step of the sentry, hastily pacing his allotted portion of ground to preserve his limbs from numbness, led the Baron immediately towards Hubert. It was a night when the Baron believed that no one, whose business did not call him into the air, would expose himself to the roughness of the weather. Thus he spoke to Hubert, without hesitation, having no fear of being overheard—"A cold night this to be upon guard, sentinel," he said.

"My Lord de Mowbray, by the voice," returned Hubert.—"It is a colder for you to be abroad from choice; for such *you* must be."

"When I am on an errand which gives me satisfaction in the performance," replied the Baron, "a glow of pleasure warms my breast, which counterbalances the cold without. I come hither, Hubert, on purpose to seek you."

"For what?" asked Hubert, the gruff-

ness of his voice not at all relaxing into complacency, though the words of Lord William were poured forth in tones of the utmost kindness. Hubert had more insight into men's hearts, than the Baron gave him credit for possessing : he knew how seldom the great seek the little, except for their own convenience, and he did not want to be told that such must be the motive of the Lord de Mowbray's exposing himself to the inclemency of the night to seek a poor sentinel.—“ For what?” asked Hubert, still continuing to perambulate his spot of ground.

“ I have perceived in you,” the Baron went on, “ a soul superior to the rank of life in which fate has destined you to move. Justly is fortune depicted blind : the partial hand with which she distributes her gifts, daily proves her so ; but the sense of perception of which she is deprived, nature has placed in the judgments of men, and they become willingly
faulty

faulty in the point where her blindness is her excuse, when they do not rectify the faults into which her infirmity leads her."

Hubert was silent.

Lord William walked by his side, and continued speaking thus—"Perhaps you do not understand what I mean to say, Hubert: I wish to tell you that I think it the duty of men in my situation of life, when they see a mind like your's, superior to the rank it has been born in, to transplant it into a more prosperous bed of life."

"Has your Lordship just come to a sense of this duty," asked Hubert, "that you have chosen this hour of the night to inform me of it?"

"Oh, no, no," replied Lord William, "it has been long in my thoughts; and the reason which has kept me from avowing to you my feelings, is this:—I reflected that a mind like your's would indignantly refuse an offer of service, which it would, from the nobleness of its nature,

conceive to lay it under an obligation to the man at whose hands it was received ; I have therefore anxiously awaited a moment, when I might ask of you a benefit in return for such service as it is my desire to confer on you, that thus a mutual obligation might relieve us both from the unpleasant idea of either being the debtor of the other."

" There is some reason in what you say," returned Hubert : " the friendship which only lays a poor man under an obligation to a rich one, is but increasing his misery, by rendering him dependant in competence, while he was free from that clog in his indigence."

The sentiment was natural to the disposition of Hubert, the Baron considered, and not at all contrary to the feelings he wished to inspire him with ; he therefore rejoined—" Your ideas correspond with my own :—to serve you, on a system of equality, is my wish. But as your advancement, here in Cumberland would

would but create for you the envy of your fellows in situation, and for me their hatred, originating in their jealousy at seeing you singled out for my favour, I must first point to you the necessity of your enjoying your good fortune at some distance from hence."

There was a secret chord in the heart of Hubert which vibrated with joy at the idea of possessing the means of leaving Cumberland, and he replied—"I am not so attached to my native county, as to regret departing from it."

"Nor perhaps," said the Baron, "to your native country?"

"Perhaps not," replied Hubert: "to a man who has money, every country is the same."

"It is indeed," answered the Baron; "and sometimes a foreign one more friendly than his own: for, in fact, old friends are the worst acquaintance for a man who rises suddenly into prosperity; they think themselves authorized, upon

the privilege of long acquaintance, to dive into his secrets, and if they cannot fathom them, they consider themselves at liberty to use very unwarrantable remarks upon his change of situation. I myself believe it impossible for a man who experiences either a sudden change from affluence to poverty, or from indigence to wealth, to be comfortable on the same spot, in the two opposite situations."

"What is the service you require of me to equalize our obligations?" asked Hubert.

"The benefit I propose to confer on you, is five hundred pieces of gold," returned the Baron.

"The sum is large," grumbled out Hubert.

"It is," returned the Baron.

"And therefore seems to bespeak," added Hubert, "that the requital demanded for it, is of an extraordinary nature."

"One

"One suited to the performance of a friend," returned Lord de Mowbray.

"*You* are my friend: I have selected you as such, and will never swerve from my friendship, though you refuse to return me your's."

Hubert was again sullenly silent.

The Baron conceived him only reluctant in giving his promise, in the hope of an increase of reward, thus fearlessly proceeded—"You know, Hubert, that I have a daughter. Hubert, that daughter has brought shame on me, and on herself."

Hubert stopped for the first time, and rested on his pike.

The Baron went on—"The service that I ask of you, is to hide a stain that is about to fall upon my house."

"Proceed, my Lord," said Hubert, his accents somewhat softened.

"Edward, the wretch whom I fostered," replied the Baron, "has returned my kindness with treachery—has stolen
my

my daughter's heart! Would that had been all, and that he had spared her honour!—But, oh, madness to a father's brain, she is about to give birth to his child!”

“The Lady Rosalind become a mother!” stammered out Hubert.

“Aye, a mother!” exclaimed the Baron. “Thy voice falters, and I perceive that thou feelest for my unhappy situation. I could not doubt thou wouldst; thy heart is one capable of feeling for the dignity of man; and thou canst not want a keener spur to prompt thee into sympathy with me. But great as is my misfortune, Heaven has sent a balm for the wound which an undutiful child has made in my heart. Edward will see England no more: *he is, by my design, detained in Flanders.* Rosalind, since the moment of her fatal frailty, has been a prisoner in her chamber: no one has visited her but Gertrude, whose affection for her mistress will prevent her from disclosing

disclosing her shame ; and thus, with thy aid, good Hubert, the honour of my family may be re-established."

Hubert did not speak.

The Baron demanded—" Will you say it *shall*, and by your promise restore me to my dignity and peace?"

" But the means?" asked Hubert, hastily.

" That you be prepared to leave Cumberland, at the moment of the child's birth, and take it with you," replied the Baron.

" Never to return to its mother?" asked Hubert, emphatically.

" Never—never," replied the Baron, significantly. " She shall be taught to believe it born without life.—Oh, no—no ; it must *never* return, or be known to have lived ! It must be removed far—very far from hence : it must be rendered *impossible* for it to return."

" My journey hence must be precipitate when once begun, for fear of a discovery,"

covery," returned Hubert; "and 'tis not unlikely that this haste may prove fatal to the life of so young an infant."

"It is not unlikely—not at all unlikely, my friend," said Lord William, pressing the hand of Hubert in both of his as he spoke; "and should it so chance, the ~~six~~ hundred pieces of gold will be all your own, which else the maintenance of that young imp must lessen."

"Do you wish it rather dead, than alive in obscurity?" said Hubert, in a whispering voice.

"Dear, valuable Hubert," exclaimed De Mowbray, "judge of me as thou wouldst of thyself, if any blot were thrown upon thine honour, and thou couldst wipe it out, unseen, unknown by all the world! I trust me to thy fervor in my cause; but, Hubert, both for thee, and for myself, the grave is a security which no art can equal in the hiding up of those who live."

The steps of the soldiers who were coming

ing to relieve the sentinel, were now audible.—“Hush!” said Hubert.

“Only say I may rely on thee,” replied De Mowbray.

“Say no more,” returned Hubert; “but let me have the child the instant it is born.”

The Baron again pressed the hand of his new friend, and then fled into the shade, to avoid the sight of the guard which was advancing; and winding round a path which obscured him from the view of the newly placed sentinel, he returned back to his castle, his spirits elate with the success which had attended his enterprise, and extolling his own penetration into the character of Hubert.

CHAP. XVI.

Blossom, speed thee well !

THE WINTER'S TALE.

BUT a short time elapsed before Lord William found a second opportunity of conversing in private with Hubert, and he was then more than ever pleased with his own discernment, and the fervor of his minister in his cause, as Hubert expressed something like an alarm, lest Lord William should find any other person with whom he might prefer to entrust the business, before the time of the child's birth should arrive, and the sum of which he anticipated the possession, be thus lost
to

to him ; but this apprehension the Baron silenced, by his solemn promise of not swerving from their agreement, to which Hubert voluntarily added his own.

As the time of Rosalind's confinement drew near, the Baron took care so to arrange matters, that an exchange should be made between some of the armed men at his own castle, and those at the tower in the village, in order that Hubert might be on the spot, to attend him at a moment's notice.

An uncommon depression of spirits hung over Rosalind, as the hour approached which was to usher into being the unfortunate offspring of her love for Edward. Her health was as much impaired, by her seclusion from the air, as were her spirits ; and it appeared a doubtful case to Mr. Wilmot, who had been lately several times allowed to visit her, whether or not she would have strength to carry her through her agony.

At length the minute of her fate approached.

proached. Gertrude was alone permitted to attend upon her ; and to her and Mr. Wilmot were entrusted her safety. Contrary to the expectations of the latter, she did survive the hour of birth ; but so far had her strength been reduced by her pains, that her child was brought into the world during the insensibility of its mother. All Gertrude's care was fixed upon her lady, and this circumstance gave to Mr. Wilmot a most favourable opportunity for removing the child, as Gertrude, employed in her endeavours to recall her fainting mistress into existence, scarcely considered whether there was a child born or not.

The Baron was alone in his private apartment, when Mr. Wilmot entered with the child in his arms.—“ Is it alive ? ” said he, on seeing the surgeon.

“ Yes, it is,” replied Mr. Wilmot ; “ and appears likely to continue so. It is a boy, and a fine one too.”

“ Thanks—many thanks, and acts of gratitude

gratitude untold are thine!" returned Lord William, putting into his hand a diamond ring of great value, for which the surgeon having made a due compliment, retired to attend to the health of Rosalind.

The hour of this transaction was the dead of night; and in expectation of the child being brought to him, Lord William had stationed Hubert in a closet adjoining to the apartment which was dedicated to his own private use, and where Mr. Wilmot had now found him. No sooner was Mr. Wilmot gone, than the Baron called in the minister of his dark deed, and having wrapped the child, in his presence, in a mantle, to prevent its cries from being heard, as Hubert passed with it through the castle, he gave it into his arms; and then putting into his hand a purse, containing the six hundred promised pieces of gold, not a word was spoken, as had been agreed upon between them; and the Baron then preceded

ceded Hubert out of the apartment, in order to point out to him a private way of leaving the castle, which he had before told him he should do, when the occasion for secrecy arrived: and this outlet proved to be that which opened from the vaults of the chapel upon the northern rampart, and with which it is scarcely necessary here to remark that Hubert was already well acquainted. Arrived at the extremity of the dark and vaporous passage, the Baron said—"Farewell, my friend! May thy days be happy, and thy newly-acquired wealth lead thee to greater prosperity!"

Hubert bowed his head, but spoke not.

"*I may* rely then upon thy *care* of this child?" added the Lord de Mowbray, with a significant look, and emphasis.

"By my soul, *I will* take *care* of the child!" answered Hubert, and moved hastily on.

The Baron watched him till he was
5 out

out of sight ; and when he vanished from his view, he returned to his own chamber, with a heart which felt lightened from a load of anxiety.

Mr. Wilmot was still with Rosalind. She had recovered from the fainting fit, into which loss of strength had thrown her, and her first enquiry had been for her child.

In the most feeling manner, Mr. Wilmot informed her that it did not exist. She did not appear to doubt the truth of his assertion, but she asked to see it in its state of death ; he represented to her that it was unusual to submit an infant thus born to the sight of its parent, and that he had, on this account, out of tenderness to her, caused it to be removed from her chamber. Still she entreated to see it ; but after a while, finding him resolute in denying her request, she ceased to importune him, bending more to necessity, than a conviction of the impropriety which would have attended a mother's
gazing

gazing on her child, although life had been denied it.

After the first week of her confinement was past, Rosalind began to recover much more quickly than Mr. Wilmot had augured she would; and when he thought her capable of tasting the air, with benefit to her health, he procured for her, from her father, the grant of the key which opened the door leading from her closet upon the eastern rampart, and its use was not again repealed by the Baron.

Slow and cheerless crept on the days of Rosalind, with occasional visits from Mr. Wilmot: Gertrude continued to be her only companion; and her only change of scene, from the sameness of her apartment, her wanderings on the terrace of the eastern rampart; here, in the solitude of her chamber, in her dreams, and in her prayers, Edward—her lost Edward, was the never-ceasing subject of her thoughts, and desponding melancholy the temper of her mind. Sometimes with his idea
she

she would blend that of her lost babe; and picture to herself how it might at this period, if life had been permitted to it, have been growing up into the resemblance of its father. When her spirits were acted upon by this imagination, she would burst into tears, and wish it alive, till returning reason pointed to the tyranny it might have experienced from its relentless grandsire; and she would then think it a blessing that it had never seen the light.

As time moved on, Lord William began in some degree to regain the composure of his mind: Edward he knew secured from a return to claim his wife—of Hubert he heard not, and as a considerable period had elapsed since his departure, he began sometimes to entertain a hope that he was no more; for however secure he felt of his fidelity, he felt also, with regard to the minister of his foul commands, as he had done of

their object, that no security can equal that of the grave.

In the castle Hubert was looked upon as a deserter from the troops, and as such was universally despised, which idea the Baron himself assisted in propagating and supporting, in order to cover suspicion, and was himself most vehement in his execrations of his perfidy. Thus it is that a villain has not even the consolation of his fellow villain's good word; and if he knows that he has the secret applause of his companion in vice, or even can contrive so to support appearances, that he has the universal applause of the world, it is far more than outweighed by the reproofs of his conscience. Oh what a paradise is to its possessor that heart which can look in upon itself, from the taunts and calumnies of a universe in enmity against it, and still be happy!

CHAP. XVII.

Oh world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
 Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart;
 ————— Shall within this hour
 ————— break out
 To bitterest enmity.

CORIOLANUS.

NEARLY three years had elapsed since Lord Rufus de Marginacourt had quitted the castle of Lord William de Mowbray, on the discovery of that hand, which he had himself sought, being already given to another. He had departed in a gust of disappointed pride and rage, which he

had no one to vent upon, and proceeded sullenly to a castle of his own, in the county of Durham.

Rosalind was already a wife; no existing law could therefore give her to him; hence there was no appeal from the destiny upon which she had rushed to avoid him; and complaints were vain, where no redress could be obtainable: to return to court, where another, and more material disappointment, stared him in the face, he felt as unwilling as he had been to quit the castle of De Mowbray, the scorned suitor of its Lord's fair daughter. Accordingly he resolved for a while to bury himself in the retirement of his domain, and to confine within his own breast the secret which, through necessity, the Baron de Mowbray had confessed to him of his daughter's marriage; and upon this he determined for two reasons—the first, because he was unwilling that it should be noised abroad, that the great and noble Lord Rufus had met with a refusal where
a pea-

a peasant had been accepted; the second, because he judged that if he did not himself reveal the circumstance of Rosalind's private marriage, it might, in all probability, never meet the ear of the world at all; and that Rosalind, by the death of her husband, whom he knew to be engaged in warfare abroad, might still be his, without a suspicion being entertained of his having sued for her hand before.

The third year since his departure from De Mowbray Castle was drawing towards its close, when Lord Rufus first began to discover that from having originally addressed Rosalind as a suitor, with regard only to her rank and favour with the Queen, he now entertained for her a more tender, or at least, a passion of a different nature; and it is by no means an uncommon instance, that the man who first thinks little of the woman with whom, from secondary motives, he seeks an alliance, shall, upon any mark of scorn from her, become the impassioned lover, in which character

he ought first to have attempted a progress towards her heart; perhaps, and most probably indeed, the change arises from mortified pride, which sensation teaches him to adopt in future the same means for gaining his desired ends, by which he had seen others reach the attainment of theirs; however, let the effect proceed from whatever cause it may, such was the case with Lord Rufus.

With disappointment did he hear of the existence of Edward, on the arrival of every fresh news from Flanders; and at length despairing of his death, he wrote to De Mowbray, requesting him to appoint some place where he would meet him, on a subject which required their deliberate conference.

Lord William had his reasons for not inviting Lord Rufus to his own castle again, while Edward still lived, thus appointed a place for meeting, to which, at the time fixed, came Lord Rufus, and found

found the Baron there, ready to receive him.

The wish of De Mowbray to court an alliance with Lord Rufus for his daughter, when they had first met at the court of Queen Elizabeth, on his return from France, had not escaped him; and convinced that in seeking the alliance, his only consideration had been that of his superior rank and wealth to the nobles of the age, he doubted not, but that if he were now to shew himself ready to accept Rosalind, of whose marriage there was no existing proof, as his wife, Lord William would joyfully accede to any proposal which accorded with his favourite plan of aggrandizing his family.

Relying, therefore, on this expectation, and feeling that it was necessary to his happiness to possess Rosalind, even though already a wife, he, without hesitation, proposed to the Baron to lead her publicly to the altar, and to stifle her opposition to the plan, by promising, on these terms

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P 4

only,

only, to spare the life of her beloved Edward.

The Baron de Mowbray had not shrunk from commanding the murder of a helpless infant; and it may therefore be imagined that the unnatural sacrifice of a daughter would have appeared a lesser sin in his eyes; but this was not De Mowbray's temper. By crushing in its bud a blossom which had scarcely opened its sweets to the light, he deemed himself performing so essential an act towards the support of his house's dignity and honour, that the crime was lost in the service which it was to confer on the idol passion of his heart.

The proposition of Lord Rufus appeared to him the demand of his adjunction in an enormity, which might for ever blast that purity which he wished to bind the eternal partner of his name; the discovery, should such a discovery ever transpire, and nothing appeared to him more likely than that the rash step proposed by De Madgine-

Madginecourt might spirit on the parties, whom it so nearly concerned, into adducing proofs of their marriage, must instantly publish what the death of the child was for ever intended to hide. Thus, deciding from his feelings, as men are too apt to do, on the heinousness or innocence of the most important virtues, and most enormous vices, he considered the proposal of Lord Rufus an insult, and openly declared to him his opinion.

Infatuated as Lord Rufus now really was with the person of Rosalind, yet, like all men of strong passions, love was forgotten, at the moment when revenge stepped into view as the champion of frustrated gratification. "Remember," he exclaimed, "I have the secret of her base marriage; and if you give her not to me, I blazon it to the world!"

The voice of threatening was new in the ear of the haughty Lord William, and painful was it to him to subdue his fury; but his subtilty never forsook him at the

moment of his need; and in a tone of composure, which it cost him many a struggle to command, he said—"The fate of a father who is unhappy in the connection of an only child, will at least gain as much sympathy in the world, as that of the monster who would induce that father to lead his daughter to a second marriage-bed while yet her husband lived. I have, you perceive, Lord Rufus, my tale for yours," he added with a smile of triumph; "and it cannot be difficult to you to determine on whose side the opinion of a virgin queen would rank, when the object to whom this brutality is proposed to be offered is her god-daughter."

The truth of Lord William's remark struck forcibly to the heart of Lord Rufus; rage and disappointment choked his utterance, and his emotions became the more violent, as no ready means of vengeance upon De Mowbray presented themselves to him; in sullen passion he broke up the conference, and breathing curses on the mean

mean spirit of the Baron as he quitted his presence, retired again to his own castle, more strongly than ever bent upon the accomplishment of his purpose, in proportion as fate seemed to have removed it farther from his grasp.

With far different sensations did Lord William return into Cumberland; the meanness of De Madginecourt's disposition, and the ambition of his views, had now been so clearly unfolded to him, that he almost began to repent of having ever required his daughter to bestow her hand on him. He could not forgive her union with Edward; but he thought it possible that if he had offered to her acceptance some man less repugnant to her feelings than Lord Rufus, she might not have rushed into an union with Edward, as a safeguard to her against becoming the wife of De Madginecourt. He believed that she had seen more clearly into his evil-disposition than he had himself done; and he almost began to pity, though he could not pardon her.

So true is it, that the slightest proof which our senses give us of any fact, wins us over in an instant to an opinion, into which the repeated arguments of others have not been able to induce us.

The Baron's first action on arriving at his castle, was to enter the apartment of his daughter. It was now three years since she had beheld him; his presence startled her, and she could scarcely support her frame from sinking to the earth, so many painful ideas, which the lenient hand of time had in some measure deadened within her heart, did his sight recall into life again. The Baron was little less agitated than his daughter; his step faltered, for he was unconscious what reception he had to expect from one whom he had so cruelly treated. But Rosalind, the amiable Rosalind, who, although seeing the persecutor in the father, could not still forget the father in the persecutor, advanced, and extended to him her hand.

The recapitulation of past events the
Baron

Baron dreaded more than did his daughter; thus he proceeded hastily to repeat to her his late conference with De Madginecourt, and their enmity which had succeeded it. But alas! what availed to Rosalind their dispute? She was already protected by the rights of religion from becoming the wife of Lord Rufus; and she found, that although her father's eyes were opened to the atrocious character of the man whom he would have given to her for a husband, his heart was not in the smallest degree softened towards him whom she had made his son; for still with firmness he refused to reply to her enquiries after Edward, and still maintained, that to forget him must be the price of her entire return to his favour.

Still she fed on hope, the only medicine for an aching heart; but all its promises were deceitful, and the fourth year passed sorrowfully on, as the three former ones had done, since the birth of her child.—With the fifth, fate brought to her what appeared

appeared to be the climax of her misery—intelligence of the death of her beloved Edward. And here the scene becomes too painful for recital; let it suffice to say, that she felt as every breast wounded by the hand of cruel destiny must feel, when the master-stroke of misery bends its feebleness to the earth, and the perspective of its day presents no friendly hope to raise it up again—no ray of comfort to reanimate its exhausted nature.

When the Baron de Mowbray first employed means for sending Edward out of England, in order to prevent that union, which the youth was no sooner gone than he discovered to be already accomplished, he appointed trusty spies near his person, and from one of these he now received the intelligence of his death.

This information, as it may be imagined, was most delightful to the feelings of the Baron; and the object of his dislike being now for ever removed from the power of occasioning him any fresh anxiety,

anxiety, he used every tenderness in his disclosure of the event to his daughter, not doubting, or at least, most ardently hoping, that now he, from whom her separation had been to her a constant source of misery, was no more, she would in time be prevailed upon again to appear in the world as the heiress of De Mowbray, and the god-daughter of her Queen.

But long before a sufficient time of trial had been given to her spirits for such a change, a written application from Lord Rufus arrived to the Baron, for his permission again to become the suitor of his daughter.

Since Lord William believed himself to have discovered the real character and views of Lord Rufus, a proposal of this nature could not be received by him in any other light than as an insult; and thus impressed, he returned a negative to his letter, written in terms of the warmest indignation against his presumption.

No farther tidings were from that time
heard

heard of Lord Rufus at De Mowbray Castle, and nearly three months more passed away, unmarked by any event but the incursions of the borderers, whose temerity, in advancing towards the English posts, was now becoming every day greater.

Rosalind, during the lifetime of her Edward, the prisoner of her father's will, was now the prisoner of her own inclination, and all his entreaties to her, to leave the solitude of her apartments, were ineffectual. Her hours were spent in weeping for him whom she was never again to behold, and in drawing forth such plaintive airs from the strings of her lute, which he had been accustomed to praise.

The Baron's hours were divided between his attentions to his daughter, whom he still hoped again to court into the world, and his superintendence of the military regulations necessary to be observed in his castle.

At this period then it was, and as it happened, on the very day which completed

pleted the fourth year of Rosalind's becoming a mother, that the Scotch youth, who called himself Donald, arrived at De Mowbray Castle, with information to the Baron of the danger that awaited him from the attack upon his strength, which was threatened by a freebooter, named All-an-rod.

And having now recapitulated all the events of moment which had occurred to the characters in our history, before the period at which we opened our scene, we will return to that night in which we left the Baron de Mowbray marching towards the enemy, and Rosalind locked in the arms of sleep, in her father's castle.



CHAP. XVIII.

Foul deeds will rise,
(Though all the earth o'erwhelm them) to men's eyes.

HAMLET.

ROSALIND arose at early morn, and proceeded to the chapel: ever since she had learnt the death of her Edward, it had been her daily custom so to do; and the hour which she passed at prayer by the side of her mother's grave, was the only one which brought her consolation through the long and weary day. Here would she cling to the cold marble that encircled the mouldered frame of her parent, with a heart as frozen to every object,

object, but the images of those whom it was now alone given her to behold through fancy's eye, as the icy stone she knelt upon.

It was always Rosalind's choice to proceed to her devotions alone; thus Gertrude's services not being at this hour in request, she sought her uncle, Ambrose, eager to hear from him some farther particulars of the spirit, which had for a few evenings past haunted the ramparts of the castle; and on the very last had occasioned so much alarm to him and Philip Watkins, the sentinel, at the draw-bridge.

To her wish, Ambrose, with his bunch of keys slung on his arm, was the first person whom she met in the castle hall, and without delay she proposed to him her enquiry.

Ambrose shook his head sadly and significantly, looked around wistfully to see if they were observed, and then said—

“ Oh Gertrude, the times, I do verily believe

believe me, grow wickeder and wickeder every day!"—He paused, then added—

"Have you mentioned to your lady what Philip and I saw last night?"

"Oh yes," replied Gertrude, "I told her directly, and begged of her not to walk on the ramparts so late in the evening."

"And what said she to it?" asked Ambrose.

"Smiled, and treated it as an idle tale," returned Gertrude.

"Oh Jesu!" cried Ambrose, "had she heard the noise that I did, by the side of the moat, three evenings ago, and seen the face that I saw last night, beneath the vizard of the spectre——"

"Pale as ashes, and a streak of blood down the left cheek, had it not?" asked Gertrude, trembling as she spoke.

"Aye—aye, even as you say," returned Ambrose. "Heaven be praised, the Lady Rosalind treats its appearance so lightly! I am glad in my soul she does. It was
my

my intention, Gertrude, if you had not spoken to her of it, to have warned you not to have done so; and now I charge you, girl, as you love your uncle, never begin the subject to her again, nor enlarge upon it: if she should start it to you, drop it—do you understand me? as quickly as possible, and talk of something else.”

“ Why, I tell you, uncle,” answered Gertrude, “ it does not frighten her.”

“ But it *would* frighten her, if she knew all,” exclaimed Ambrose.—“ Oh Gertrude, I know, though thou art simple, thou art to be trusted; so I will tell thee why it would alarm her. Heaven forbid it be evil that I am going to say; but Heaven is my witness how true my words are! Philip Watkins said it, before I said it, though I believe I observed it first.—The spectre which appeared to us, is the spirit of my Lady Rosalind’s husband! The pale face, with the streak of blood down the left cheek, which we
saw

saw last night, was the very picture of Mr. Edward."

"Mr. Edward's ghost!" cried Gertrude—"what can it mean?"

"Hush—hush," replied Ambrose, looking again cautiously around him, "I would not, for the world, that we were overheard."

"Nor I," answered Gertrude.—"But what can it mean, uncle?"

"I fear me," returned Ambrose, "it indicates that foul deeds have been abroad. I accuse no one—I condemn no one, girl; but I cannot stifle my thoughts. The Baron disliked his daughter's marriage: Edward was sent abroad, into Flanders—a villainous country, Gertrude, that Flanders, where the Jesuits still have much power; and I well know where there are Jesuits, men do not stick at the commission of crimes, because they get them wiped off their consciences by confession. —Idle, foolish ideas! The truth will prevail; sin will come to light, and

and all the absolution in the world has not power to make a murdered body rest in peace."

"Murdered!" echoed Gertrude—"Do you mean——"

"I mean nothing," interrupted Ambrose, "for I know nothing. I only am certain that spirits do not walk, without they have some evil to reveal, or when their consciences are overburdened. I got my knowledge in spirits from thy grandfather, Gertrude, who was esteemed to understand their nature well. Now I am certain Mr. Edward (bless his good heart!) cannot be raised from his grave by an unquiet conscience; thus it must remain, that he has some matter of importance to unfold—and what can I think it is, when I see the streak of blood on his poor, pale cheek?"

"Heaven grant he tell it not to me," replied Gertrude: "I should never live to make it known."

"No, no, no," cried Ambrose, "no
4 fear

fear of that: he will choose some one gifted with good sense for the purpose; perhaps myself, as likely as not. Gracious—gracious me! Heaven send I be not made the accuser of my master! But were I invited to that purpose by the spirit, I must perform its commands, Gertrude: disobedience would rank me on the side of Satan's legion; for my soul's sake, I must perform, if it commands."

Rosalind was now seen returning from her devotions.—"Here comes my Lady," said Ambrose. "Sweet sufferer! pray the powers of mercy, there is no more ill in store for thee!" Then turning towards Gertrude, he added, in a whisper—"Promise me not to reveal a word of what I have imparted to thee."

"Upon my faith, uncle, I will not," returned Gertrude; and Ambrose then moved out of sight.

Rosalind returned to her chamber, and throwing open the casement, admitted
into

into her apartment the enlivening rays of an eastern sun, which was emerging, in golden splendor, from a bed of purple clouds. As she stood contemplating the beauties of the surrounding landscape, she could not forbear exclaiming—"How blest is every animal of this creation, but myself! How cheerfully are the bleating flocks browsing on the dew-bespangled grass; how jocundly are the birds singing on every spray; and how carelessly is the whistling husbandman proceeding to his labour, whilst I alone know only heaviness and care!"

Her attention was now directed to some flowers, which grew in her window; and as she pleased herself with examining their beautiful colours, and inhaling the sweetness of their scents, a rose bud, snapped from its stem, just as it was opening into bloom, caught her observation: the melancholy tone of her mind led her to draw a parallel between her own fate and that of the flower; and it afforded her a slen-

der consolation to divert her thoughts from bitter reflection, by versifying her ideas in the following lines:—

Addressed to a Rose Bud, broken from its Stem.

Poor, luckless flower! and art thou too,
 Ere yet thy leaves have nurs'd the dew,
 A victim, at misfortune's shrine,
 That still is wet with tears of mine?
 Companion in the ills of life,
 Why are the world and thou at strife?
 Did envy snatch thee from thy sphere,
 Because thou wert too sweet and fair?
 May ill betide the cruel hand,
 That pluck'd thee, ere thou could'st expand!
 May it neglected droop like thee,
 And seek in vain for sympathy!
 Poor flower! my fate resembles thine:
 Thy hopes are blighted;—so are mine!
 I caught the transient glow of spring,
 When days flew by, on halcyon wing;
 Thou too beheld'st the rosy morn,
 When blushes mark'd thy early dawn;
 But now alike, on clouds of care,
 We travel on to meet despair.

Would in my bosom thou could'st lie,
Conceal'd from misery's searching eye!
But, serpent-tooth'd, she, riots there,
And feeds the poisonous canker, care.
Shun then this talisman of woe,
That pines with sorrows none must know!
Thy griefs are transient: soon thou'lt be
Beyond the power of destiny.
Already do thy charms decay,
And all thy fragrance dies away;
But I must linger in my pain,
And never taste of peace again:
Year after year may roll away,
And sorrow mark each coming day;
Till quite exhausted by my woes,
I die, like thee, to find repose!

END OF VOL. I.

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